

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, Albemarle-street.—PROFESSOR BRANDE will deliver his SECOND LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY on Saturday next, February 5, at 3 o'clock.
JOHN BARLOW, M.A. Sec. R.I.

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W. W. Velde Van der Helst J. Steen Wilson
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Wouvermans Van Bergen De Heem Ward
Backhuysen Maas Van Os Naysmith
Slingelandt V. der Capella Brauer Powell, &c.
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Art.

TO PRINTERS and PUBLISHERS.—An ENGRAVER on WOOD, of good abilities in Architectural, Mechanical, and Landscape Engraving, wishes to undertake the ILLUSTRATIONS of one or more PUBLICATIONS at prices sure to give satisfaction, as constant employment is the main object, or would have no objection to take a situation in a publisher's office and to instruct a youth in the Art if required, at a moderate salary. Gentlemen who would favour me with an interview will find that a great expense is to be saved in the price of their woodcuts.
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ELDRED'S ART EXPOSITION comprises Specimens from all the principal Art Manufacturers in England. An illustrated Catalogue is in active preparation, and will be sent, postage free, to all applications.
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JOWETT'S PATENT HYDRAULIC TELEGRAPH.
Offices—17, WELLINGTON-STREET, Strand, adjoining the "Morning Post" and "Court Journal."

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
In the present important advancement in the various branches of science, probably one of the most prominent productions of fertile genius is that of instantaneous correspondence by telegraphic means upon railroads. Telegraphic communication by electric machinery has already exhibited upon numerous lines of locomotive traffic the great advantages derived by the public through the medium of its powerful agency. But, successful as the telegraphic mode of correspondence by electric aid may be considered, for more effective results will be secured to the public by Jowett's Patent Hydraulic Telegraph.

The Patentee, in the present limited detail, merely claims public attention to the following items:—Firstly, the economy in the construction of the Hydraulic Telegraph will be at least a saving of two-thirds compared with the outlay required by the electric, independently of the considerable increase of speed. Secondly, no expense whatever (after the first amount for construction) will be necessary to provide for the continuous working of the Hydraulic Telegraph, it being beyond the possibility of doubt that any atmospheric changes can interfere with or effect the success of its operations. Thirdly, no physical impediment can compete with the perpetual use of the Hydraulic Telegraph, neither height, depth, sinuosity, nor distance, opposing in the slightest degree its perfect action.

Detailed printed particulars are in preparation. In the meantime the Patentee may be seen daily, from 11 to 3, at the Office, 17, Wellington-street, Strand, where the models and plans are open to the inspection of the public.

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Just published,
THE COUNTY COURTS LAW LIST for 1848, containing,
1st. All the PARISHES in all the Counties in England and Wales, alphabetically arranged, with the Court Town of each, and its distance from it.
Edited by W. LEEDES FOX, Esq. Clerk of the Harleston Court.

N.B.—The purpose of this is to enable the officers, practitioners, and suitors to ascertain in a moment where any distant parish is situated into which they might have occasion to issue process.

2nd. The DISTRICT COURTS, in Alphabetical Order, shewing all the Parishes, Townships, Tythings, Chapelrys, &c. comprised in each, with their distances from the Court Town. This has been prepared from official sources.

3rd. The Attorneys who have authorised the insertion of their names as practising in the various Courts.
4th. Time Tables, Schedules of Fees, Lists of Circuits and their Judges, and miscellaneous information useful for reference.

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LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*BUTLER*.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A History of the Inns of Court and Chancery; with Notices of their Ancient Discipline, Rules, Orders, and Customs, &c. including an Account of the Four Learned and Honourable Societies, &c. By ROBERT R. PEARCE, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. London, 1847. Richard Bentley, and Henry Butterworth.

WHEN we consider the interest with which the ancient seminaries of legal education are naturally regarded by the Profession, and the curiosity respecting their past history and present constitution, which may fairly be presumed to exist among the reading classes of society, and then estimate the number of young men who, within the walls of the Inns of Court, during the past half-century, have waited many years in anxious expectation of practice, and in restless endeavours after serviceable and profitable employment of a kind congenial to their profession, it seems almost wonderful that nobody until within these few months past should have had the sagacity to perceive the alluring opening that existed for such a work; or, if any did observe it, that none should have the courage to undertake it. However, now that the hiatus has been filled, it only remains to consider how the task has been performed.

The facts and records which furnish the materials for a history of the Inns of Court are scattered through some hundreds of volumes, through collections of unpublished manuscripts, and through the official documents and registers which the four Societies have preserved; much information, moreover, could only be gathered from the allusions made from time to time by the dramatists, poets, and miscellaneous writers, to contemporaneous practices and customs among the members of those ancient colleges, so that it will at once be seen that a familiar acquaintance with English literature, great patience, and diligent labour, are indispensable to the production of a succinct and exact history of the Inns of Court. All the requisites are united in Mr. PEARCE; and as it was a subject for wonder that such a work as this was delayed so long, so now it is cause for congratulation that such a man undertook it, and that it has been done so well.

Commencing with the early schools of law in England, Mr. PEARCE has given us a clear outline of their history, in which no material feature of them that time has spared to us will be found omitted. He then describes the sites of the Inns of Court, and in the following chapter their constitution and diversities. Next we have an account of the ancient "readings," and in the fifth and subsequent chapter are given very full and interesting particulars of the masques and revels, and other amusements which formed the relaxation that lawyers affected during the reign of ELIZABETH and her successors. The four succeeding chapters are dedicated to the Inns of Court severally, in the following order: Lincoln's Inn, Inner Temple, Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn. Of these are given the early history, ancient orders and customs, descriptions of the halls and libraries, masques and banquets given to

sovereigns and illustrious persons, the chapels and inferior dependent inns, and a large number of miscellaneous particulars of interest, and, above all, an account of the eminent men which each Inn has contributed to the list of "legal worthies" of whom this country may be justly proud. A very useful chapter follows next, giving the regulations of the four Inns as to the admission of students, keeping terms, lectures, exercises, calls to the Bar, screening, expulsion, and disbarring, appeal, &c. Lastly are described the usual form of education in use at the present time, other than that prescribed by the societies; and the several classes at the Bar, with their peculiar privileges, their usages, and the etiquette which governs them.

Our limited space precludes our making extract from this book to the extent we could wish and its merits would justify; we therefore content ourselves with the following description of a masque performed by the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn before JAMES I.:

"The memorable masque of the two honourable houses, or inns of court, the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn,* performed before King James I. at Whitehall, on Shrove Monday night, the 15th of Feby. 1613, at the celebration of the nuptials of the Palsgrave and the Princess Elizabeth, seems to have been a magnificent pageant. Inigo Jones was employed on the occasion; the decorations being invented and fashioned by that artist. The play was 'supplied, applied, digested, and written,' by George Chapman; and he tells us in his preface, 'A show at all parts so novel, conceitful, and glorious, hath not in this land (to the proper use and object it had proposed) been ever before held. Nor did those honourable inns of court at any time in that kind such acceptable service to the sacred majesty of this kingdom, nor were returned by many degrees with so thrice gracious and royal entertainment and honour.' The gentlemen of the two combined houses (the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn) made their rendezvous at the house of Sir Edward Phillips, Master of the Rolls, and thus set forth:—'Fifty gentlemen richly attired, and as gallantly mounted, with footmen particularly attended, formed the vanguard. Next (a fit distance being observed between them) marched a mock masque of baboons, attired like fantastical travellers, in Neapolitan suits and great ruffs, all horst with asses, and dwarf palfreys, with yellow foot-clothes, and casting cockle-demons about, in courtesie, by way of largess; torches borne on either hand of them, lighting their state as ridiculously as the rest nobly. After them were sorted two cars triumphal, adorned with great maske heads, festoons, seroles, and antick leaves, every part enriched with silver and gold. These were varied with different inventions, and in them advanced the choicest musicians of our kingdom, six in each, attired with great splendour; and about them marched two ranks of torchbearers. Then rode the chief maskers in Indian habits, all of a resemblance, the ground-cloth of silver, richly embroidered with golden suns, and about every sun ran a train of gold; betwixt every pane of embroidery went a row of estredge feathers, mingled with sprigs of gold plate; under their breasts they wore bawdricks of gold, embroidered high with purple, and about their necks ruffs of feathers spangled with purl and silver; on their heads they wore feathers composed in coronets. The maskers riding single had every one his torchbearer mounted before him.' After a long train of heralds and attendants, came a gorgeous chariot, over which was cast a canopy of gold, and in it were the *dramatis personæ* in proper costume. Honour, a Goddess; Plutus (or Riches), a God; Eunomia (or Law), Priest of Honour; Phemeis, Honour's Herald; Capriccio, a man of wit.

This book, in addition to its merits as a compilation, and those we have already particularised as characterising the qualifications of its author for his undertaking, has the charm of graceful and unaffected writing further to recommend it. The chapters which treat of the antiquities, and describe the masques, revels, entertainments, and customs of the

* In Sir George Buc and other old authors, I find Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple classed together as "ancient allies." From the earliest times there has been an interchange of fellowship between the four houses.

four Inns, are worthy of the pen of STRUTT or SCOTT; and even the parts which might be supposed least attractive for the public—those devoted to the purpose of affording information as to existing regulations, &c.—are ingeniously embroidered with allusions to the past and associations of interest, so that even a mere novel-reader will never tire. In short, this is a book which equally deserves support from the profession and the general public—one that will be found instructive and entertaining to both; and, being such, it has our cordial recommendation and our hearty wishes for its success.

History of British Costume. By J. R. PLANCHE, Esq. F.S.A. London: C. Cox.

THIS is one of the series of KNIGHT's Monthly Volumes, and one of the most interesting of the whole. The author has collected a vast amount of information relating to the costumes of this country, commencing with those of the ancient Britons, and tracing the changes of fashion down to the close of the reign of GEORGE III.—and a strange history it is. But, inasmuch as the fashions of dress could scarcely be understood from mere verbal description, the author has presented a drawing of each one; and thus, by turning over the leaves, can be seen, as in a panorama, the succession of changes in armour, in the dresses of ladies and gentlemen, the greatest variety prevailing in the head-dress. Altogether, it is a most attractive volume, and would make a subject for an elaborate article; but the volume itself is to be had for a couple of shillings, and therefore we will not anticipate our readers' pleasure by extracting from it.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: with Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, Speeches, and Judgments. By GEORGE HARRIS, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. London, 1848. Moxon.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE make another gathering from this very valuable contribution to political and legal history.

Sir PHILIP YORKE was engaged in the prosecution of the notorious

JACK SHEPPARD.

Sir Philip Yorke, in his capacity of Attorney-General, was at this period called upon to deal with a culprit whose rank, and the nature of whose offences, varied very greatly from those of the state criminals mentioned in the last chapter, but whose exploits in a certain way have gained for their perpetrator scarcely less note than the enormities directed against the very existence of the state obtained for the latter. I have thought it best to present the account of these different matters to the reader exactly in the manner that they are recorded in the journals of the day, from which I have collated them, without depriving the narrative of any of its freshness or natural vivacity by an attempt to relate the circumstances anew. The first notice of the hero in question is contained in the following paragraph in one of the public journals:—

"August 1st.—One Sheppard, a notorious housebreaker, who lately made his escape from New Prison, was lately retaken, and committed to Newgate, and attempted also to escape from that goal, several saws and instruments proper for such a design being found about his bed. He is since confined in an apartment called the Stone Room, is kept close, and sufficiently loaded with irons."

We afterwards have an account of Sir Philip Yorke and his colleague going down to Windsor, for the purpose of calling His Majesty's attention to matters of the highest importance connected with Sheppard.

"August 29th.—On Saturday there was a general council held at Windsor, Sir Phillip Yorke and Sir Clement Wear, His Majesty's Attorney

and Solicitor-General, and the Right Honourable Robert Southwell, Esq. Secretary of State for Ireland, attending according to order. There was a cabinet council soon after, when His Majesty was pleased to order that of the six malefactors condemned at the last sessions, Joseph Ward, for three robberies on the highway; Francis Upton and John Sheppard, for burglary and felony, be executed on Friday, the 4th of September next ensuing; and another warrant to be made out for that purpose."

The next mention of Sheppard is contained in a journal of September 5th, published a few days before that appointed for his execution.

"Sept. 5th.—Last Monday a most surprising accident happened at Newgate, which is as followeth, viz.: John Shepherd, one of the condemned malefactors, finding himself ordered for execution, and being provided with saws, files, and other implements, found an opportunity to cut off one of the great iron spikes over the door of the condemned hold (at which the prisoners usually converse with their friends), and being of a very slender body, got himself through into the lodge, and from thence into the street, and so escaped, assisted by his wife and another woman, several persons being in the lodge at the same time, at a table, engaged in a deep discourse concerning his dexterity in his formerly escaping from New Prison. He went off in his irons, which were hid by a nightgown, and he is supposed to have immediately taken coach. The other condemned prisoners intended to follow his example, but were prevented by a timely discovery.

"There is the following letter in print supposed to come from him to Jack Ketch:—

"Sir,—I thank you for the favour you intended me this day. I am a gentleman, and allow you to be the same, and I hope can forgive injuries: fond nature pointed, I followed—Oh, propitious minute! and to shew that I am in charity, I am now drinking your health, a *bon repôt* to poor Joseph and Anthony. I am gone a few days for the air, but design speedily to embark, and this night I am going up a mansion for a supply. It's a stout fortification, but what difficulties can't I encounter, when, dear Jack, you find that bars and chains are but trifling obstacles in the way of your friend and servant,

JOHN SHEPPARD.

"From my residence in *terra Australis incognita*, September 4th, 1724.

"P.S. Pray my service to Mr. Or—di—ry and Mr. App—bee."

"The wife of the aforesaid John Sheppard was on Tuesday last apprehended, and being charged with aiding and assisting him in making his escape out of Newgate, was the next day carried before Sir Francis Forbes, who committed her to the Poultry Compter. Yesterday Anthony Upton, condemned the last sessions for housebreaking, and Joseph Ward, for robbing upon the highway, were executed at Tyburn."

"The *Post Boy* of September the 8th states:—
"Sept. 8th.—Yesterday several persons went post out of town in quest of John Sheppard, the condemned malefactor."

Another journal of Sept. 12th gives the following account of his recapture, and some particulars respecting the mode of his escape:—

"Sept. 12th.—On Thursday, about noon, John Sheppard, the malefactor who made his escape from the condemned hold of Newgate on Monday, 31st of August, was apprehended and taken by the officers and turnkeys of that prison at the town of Finchley, near Highgate, in company with one William Page, an apprentice to a butcher in Clare Market. The last patiently surrendered, and Sheppard took to the hedges, where being closely pursued and discovered, and pistols presented to his head, he begged'd them for God's sake not to shoot him on the spot, trembled as in great agony, and submitted. There were found upon him two silver watches, a large knife and a chisel; and a knife only upon his companion. They were both disguised in butchers' blue frocks, and woollen aprons. Being brought to town Sheppard was immediately carried to Newgate, loaded with heavy irons, and put into the condemned hold and chained. William Page was carried before Sir F. Forbes, examined, and committed to Newgate, with orders to be

double ironed, and to be kept from Sheppard, and he was accordingly put into the castle, and his friends are not permitted to see him.

"In the evening a divine and several gentlemen went into the condemned hold to Sheppard, who seemed composed and cheerful, and acknowledged the manner of his escape, viz.:—that having got out of the condemned hold he took coach at the corner of the Old Bailey (along with a person whom he refused to name), went to Black Fryer's Stairs, and from thence by water to the Horse Ferry at Westminster, and came in the middle of the night to Clare Market, where he met his companion, and there disguis'd themselves in the manner above mentioned. From thence they rambled to a relation of Page's, within seven miles of Northampton, where they were entertained a few days; and growing uneasy at their not being able to make satisfaction for their board, returned towards London. He has hinted in dark terms that he hath committed robberies since his escape, and denies that he was ever married to the woman who assisted him therein, and who is now in the Compter for the same, declaring that he found her a common strumpet in Drury Lane, and that she hath been the cause of all his misfortunes and misery. He takes great pains to excuse his companion Page of being any ways privy to his crimes, whom he says only generously accompanied him after his escape. 'Tis thought that his execution will be on Monday next."

The *British Journal* says:—

"They found upon Sheppard two watches, one under each armpit."

The newspapers mention that there was a difficulty about his execution, until he had been properly and legally identified. The Attorney-General and the other authorities were, however, speedily extricated from their embarrassments with respect to this, by Sheppard himself.

"October 10.—On Wednesday last, John Sheppard found means to release himself from the staples fixed in the floor of the apartment called the castle in Newgate, by taking off a great padlock from his legs. He attempted to pass up the chimney, but by reason of strong iron bars in his way was prevented. In the midst of his endeavours, the keepers came up to bring him victuals, when to their very great surprise they found him at liberty in the room. They searched him very carefully, and found not so much as a pin, and when they had chained him down again the head keeper and others came and intreated him to discover how he had thus got himself free from the staples. He reached out his hand and took up a nail, and with that unlocked'd himself again before their faces. He is now handcuffed, and more effectually chained. This day ninety-seven felons are to be carried from Newgate to be shipped for the plantations: among whom is the brother of the above-named Sheppard."

"Oct. 17.—On Thursday night, John Sheppard escaped again from Newgate, altho' he was double-ironed, handcuffed, and chained down in the room called the castle; yet he found means in a very surprising manner to free himself from the staple to which he was chained. Afterwards he broke down the wall of the chimney, and got into several rooms, broke through six doors on which were five strong locks and a bolt, and thereby getting upon the leads of the gaol, he from thence climbed down to the top of the turner's house adjoining to it, and found a way to get into that also; and having come down and opened the street door, made off in his iron boots, and is not yet heard of, which hath struck the keepers with such amazement, that they think he was assisted in this last enterprize by the devil himself."

The following advertisement offering a reward for Sheppard's apprehension, contains some particulars respecting his personal appearance, which may be deemed interesting.

"John Sheppard did break out of Newgate in the night between the 15th and 16th of this inst. October, with double irons on his legs, and handcuffs on his hands, with a bright horse-lock under his other irons. He is about twenty-two years old, about five feet four inches high, very slender, of a pale complexion, has an impediment or hesitation

in his speech, and did wear a butcher's blue frock with a great coat over it, and is a carpenter or house joiner by trade. Whoever will discover or apprehend him so that he may be brought to justice, shall have twenty guineas reward, to be paid by the keeper of Newgate.

"N.B. If any persons conceal him from justice (knowingly) since he has made his escape, it is felony, and they will be prosecuted for the same."

Some intelligence about his movements is given in a journal of the 31st of October.

"Oct. 31.—The keepers of Newgate have received certain information that the famous John Sheppard came a few nights ago to the brewhouse of Messrs. Nichols and Tate, in Thames-street, and begged some work of the stoker, which was given him, and that before the proper officers could be got to secure him, he went off."

Another periodical of the 7th of November, contains the particulars of his apprehension.

"Nov. 7.—John Sheppard, the famous thief, house-breaker and jail-breaker, who being under sentence of death had made his escape out of Newgate two several times in a very surprising and wonderful manner, was retaken on Saturday night last about twelve, and brought back thither before one next morning, where sufficient care is taken to secure him for the remainder of his time: he being confined in a very strong apartment, double ironed on both legs, handcuffed, and chained down to the ground with a chain running through his irons, which is fastened on each side of him, and we hear a watch will be kept upon him beside. He was apprehended in the following manner: A boy belonging to Mr. Bradford, a headboro' in Drury-lane, saw him at a butcher's shop near Newton's-lane, cheapening some ribs of beef, and meeting with an acquaintance of his of the hundreds of Drury, commonly called Frisky Moll, he went to treat her with a dram at a chandler's shop adjoining; in the meantime the boy, who knew him perfectly well, told his master what he had seen, who getting some persons to his assistance, apprehended him. When he was searched, they found a pair of pistols about him ready charged. He was equipped every way like a gentleman, having on a wig, worth about six or seven guineas, a diamond ring on his finger, a watch and snuff box in his pocket, and some gold; being also dressed in a suit of black, having furnished himself therewith on Friday morning last, by breaking open a pawnbroker's shop in Drury-lane, and taking from thence most of the said goods, and divers others to the value, as we hear, of about 60*l*. When he was brought back to the jail he was very drunk, carry'd himself insolently, and defy'd the keepers to hold him with all their irons, art, and skill.—Wednesday, several noblemen came to Newgate to see John Sheppard. He is watched night and day by two persons. He has owned several robberies committed by him since his last escape from Newgate on the 15th October, and in particular the robbing of a gentleman in Leicester-fields of a gold watch a night or two after his said escape."

The sensation which was created in the metropolis at the time by his adventures, is evident by the following paragraph:—

"Nov. 7.—Nothing contributes so much to the entertainment of the town at present, as the adventures of the famous housebreaker, and gaol-breaker, John Sheppard. 'Tis thought the keepers of Newgate have got above 200*l*. already by the crowds of people who daily flock to Newgate to see Sheppard."

This paper also mentions that after he was taken, he was carried in a coach to Newgate, crying out, "Murder! rogues! bloodhounds!" and calling for help. The following letter is among the *Hardwicke MSS.* at Wimpole, and is from the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State, to Sir P. Yorke:—

"Whitehall, November 6th, 1724.

"SIR:—His Majesty being informed of the very extraordinary escapes that John Sheppard, a felon convict, has twice made out of Newgate, and how very dangerous a person he is, has commanded me to signify to you his pleasure that you do *forthwith* cause him in the proper course of law to be brought before the Court of King's Bench, to the end that

execution may, *without delay*, be awarded against him; and that he may be the more securely kept, his Majesty would have you move the Court that he may be remanded to Newgate, to remain in custody there until his execution.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servt,"
"HOLLES NEWCASTLE."

"Mr. Attorney-General."

The note which follows is in the Attorney-General's handwriting, and is addressed to Mr. Paxton, the Solicitor to the Treasury:—

"Mr. PAXTON:—These papers came late last night. Goe forthwith to Mr. Harcourt and consult with him what is proper to be done, and bring me instructions at Westminster, that, if possible, I may move the Court this morning for a *certiorari* and *habeas corpus*. "Y", P. YORKE.

"Saturday Morn."

We next have an account of Sheppard being brought before the judges of the Court of King's Bench, when a final order was made for his execution. On this occasion Sir Philip Yorke appeared as the law officer of the Crown.

"Nov. 14.—Mr. Pitt, the keeper of Newgate, having made application to the Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in relation to John Sheppard the notorious housebreaker, &c.; on Saturday last Mr. Attorney-General made a motion at the King's Bench bar, Westminster, that the said John Sheppard might be brought before that Court to have execution of the sentence of death awarded against him, to the end he may no longer elude the laws; whereupon their Lordships ordered a writ of *habeas corpus*, and a writ of *certiorari* for bringing the prisoner and the record of his conviction to Westminster on Tuesday last, and accordingly between eleven and twelve he was carried down to the King's Bench bar at Westminster, where Mr. Attorney-General moving that his execution might be speedy, and a rule of Court made for yesterday, he addressed himself to the Bench, earnestly beseeching the judges to intercede with his Majesty, and desired a copy of the petition he had sent to the King might be read, which was complied with; but being asked how he came to repeat his crimes after his escapes, he pleaded youth and ignorance, and withal his necessities, saying that he was afraid of every child and dog that looked at him, as being closely pursued, and had no opportunity to obtain his bread in an honest way, and had fully determined to have left the kingdom the Monday after he was re-taken in Drury lane. He was told the only thing to entitle him to his Majesty's clemency would be his making an ingenuous discovery of those who abetted and assisted him in his last escape; he averred that he had not the least assistance from any person but God Almighty, and that he had already named all his accomplices in robberies, who were either in custody or beyond sea, whither he would be glad to be sent himself. He was reprimanded for profaning the name of God. Mr. Justice Powis, after taking notice of the number and heinousness of his crimes, and giving him admonitions suitable to his sad circumstances, awarded sentence of death against him, and a rule of Court was ordered for his execution on Monday next, being the 16th inst. He told the Court that if they would let his handcuffs be put on, he by his art would take them off before their faces. He was remanded back to Newgate through the most numerous crowds of people that ever were seen in London, and Westminster Hall has not been so crowded in the memory of man. A constable who attended had his leg broken, and many other persons were hurt and wounded in Westminster Hall Gate. Wednesday, Sheppard was brought out of the middle stone room, and put into the condemned hold along with Houssar the French barber, and there chained to the floor, and ordered to be watched by two men day and night. His lodgings near Newport Market having been searched, there was found an iron crow, the handcuffs he had on when he escaped the second time from Newgate, as also several instruments fit for breaking houses, &c."

The following description of his execution is from one of the journals of the day:—

"Nov. 21.—From his last re-apprehension to his

death, some persons were appointed to be with him constantly day and night. Vast numbers of people came to see him, to the great profit both of himself and those about him; several persons of quality came, all of whom he begg'd to intercede with his Majesty for mercy, but his repeated returning to his vomit left no room for it, so that being brought down to the King's Bench bar, Westminster, by an *habeas corpus*, and it appearing by evidence that he was the same person, who, being under a former sentence of death, had twice made his escape, a rule of Court was made for his execution, and which was on Monday last. At the place of execution he behaved very gravely, spoke very little, gave a paper to a friend, and after some small time allowed for devotion, he was turned off, dying with much difficulty, and with uncommon pity from all the spectators. The same night his body was buried in St. Martins-in-the-Fields, with a velvet pall, and the funeral service performed, &c. A detachment of the Prince's Guard attended the corpse with the bayonets fixed on their muskets to prevent the violence of the populace who had been very tumultuous all day, so no further disorder happened."

The account in another journal states:—

"It was thought necessary, as he was an enterprising fellow, to put him on a pair of handcuffs, in order to carry him with more security to the gallows, which could not be done but by main force, he struggling against it with all his might. And being searched before he was put into the cart, they found concealed about him a clasp knife, with which he designed to cut his halter and then to leap among the mob as his last refuge. The crowd of spectators was indeed prodigiously great. A bailiff in Long Acre having procured the body of John Sheppard to be brought to his house after execution with a sinister design, and thereby frustrating the preparations of his real friends for burying him in a decent manner, the same occasioned a great riot in Long Acre. The mob expressed great satisfaction when they saw him buried, though they had bruised his body in a most shameful manner at Tyburn, in pulling it to and fro in endeavouring to rescue it from the surgeons. An undertaker, who waited near the gallows with a hearse to have carried the body immediately to St. Sepulchre's, where a grave was already made for it, was insulted by the rabble, who broke the hearse, and beat the man and his servant, the bailiff having artfully given it out that the undertaker was employed by the surgeons, which in truth was the bailiff's case."

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Portugal and Galicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces. By the Earl of CARNARVON, London, 1848. Murray.

So long since as the 28th of June, 1827, the Earl of CARNARVON embarked in the *Duke of York* steamer for Portugal. On the 1st of August he was skirting the coast of Galicia; on the following morning he landed at Lisbon. His rambles in Portugal and a peep into the Basque Provinces are the theme of the volume of which the first part is before us, as it has appeared in *Murray's Home and Colonial Library*.

Lord CARNARVON's narrative is characterized by simple elegance. His composition is singularly refined, but never powerful. It is the writing of a courtly and accomplished gentleman, and withal of a very good-natured man, who travels with a wise resolve to be pleased with everything and everybody, and to look at the bright side of all objects. There is nothing brilliant or startling in his ideas or his style: he is content to describe in plain terms what he sees; and if we are not fascinated by a tale of peril and personal adventure, we are at least instructed by a faithful account of the then aspect of the troubled Peninsula.

Such a work can only be exhibited by ex-

tracts; it challenges neither criticism nor analysis; the literary journalist can do no more than glean such passages as are calculated to shew the author in his happiest mood; and while the reader is amused, to give him all that the reader of a literary journal requires—an acquaintance with the book without the trouble of reading it.

We have personally noticed the following peculiarity of

SUNSET ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Cintra resembles a beautiful picture set in a worthless frame: whenever the eye rest on the town and its immediate neighbourhood the scenery is unrivalled, but the distant landscape is generally flat and uninteresting. The day was declining; and, as the heat had been intense, I expected to see the sun sink "in one unclouded blaze of living light," but its parting splendours were concealed by a dense mist rising from the ocean. There is a peculiar beauty of sunset, probably unknown to countries bordering upon the Atlantic, and perhaps confined to the shores of the blue Mediterranean; I mean that exquisite gradation of colouring, where the saffron mingles imperceptibly with the rose, and the rose tint melts into the purple, all extremely bright, yet so delicate as to seem almost transparent. From the Pena Verde gardens we went to the Marialva palace.

He visited

MR. BECKFORD'S VILLA.

We rode on to Montserrat, the remains of a villa built by Mr. Beckford many years ago. The ruinous state of that fairy dwelling was noticed by Lord Byron in 1809, and since that time it has become still more desolate. The roof, then entire, has since very much fallen in, and the walls are in many parts a heap of ruins. The entrance opens into an octagonal hall, terminated by a circular apartment, which looks over a lengthened flat to the distant breakers. There is also the shell remaining of a fine apartment, perhaps the library, which commands as rich a view of forest scenery as can well be conceived. The general effect of the exterior is good, except the high slanting roofs, which, though in correct taste, are somewhat unpleasant. Further on we saw the ruins of a rambling house, to which a dark story is attached; for a young man is there said to have murdered his elder brother under circumstances of peculiar horror.

Here is an incident growing out of a curious custom:—

The Portuguese frequently adopt the children of other persons, educate them, and sometimes promote their future fortunes. The Infanta Regent, possessing the national taste, applied to an Irish woman, who forthwith accommodated her Royal Highness with her own daughter, a thriving young girl two years of age. The agreement was deliberately made, and the article in question sold and delivered. The mother, however, whose notions concerning the transfer of property were not peculiarly clear, returned after a short time, and wished to enter again into possession: to this the Infanta naturally demurred, and probably no such tumult of Irish ejaculation had ever before assailed the ears of any royal personage. In this emergency my friend was requested to march his military person to the palace, where he found our heroine of the Emerald Isle fiercely expostulating amid a host of huge black Brazilian women, who were screaming in chorus around her. Yet nothing daunted was the dame. "By Jesus, no one shall part me and my child," was still the burden of her song. A golden argument at length induced her to mitigate such unreasonable claims, and a satisfactory treaty of peace was concluded. She was allowed to retain her child during that night, and was provided with good lodgings, a good supper, and a sentinel at her door, to prevent either warlike or fugitive proceedings. I accompanied my friend in the evening to her room; she was then in the highest good-humour, and greatly flattered by the notice taken of her blue-eyed child. On the following morning

he conducted the little girl to the palace, according to agreement, while the mother was deposited on a donkey and peaceably removed.

He went to

AN EVENING PARTY IN PORTUGAL.

In the evening I accompanied a friend to a party at the house of a Portuguese lady: she had two daughters, the eldest a pretty person with pleasing manners and extremely well-informed, the youngest a very decided beauty. The party were playing at blind-man's buff when I entered; a game in which, as it is played in Portugal, success depends upon the rapid recognition of different persons by their voices. Being immediately required to take a part, I was blindfolded and placed in the centre of the ring. I first, however, pleaded ignorance of every individual present; upon which the lively beauty led me round the circle, hastily naming every person, an ingenious operation which did not much assist me, as I could not bear in mind a volley of names which I had never heard before: however, trusting to chance, I began my career, and soon touched a lady with the wand. I asked the regular question, and was answered in the feigned voice as regularly assumed. "Whom have you found?" was the general cry. I paused. "Well, but mention some one; the game is at a stand-still!" but I could specify no one. I looked stupid, and my new friends probably thought me profoundly so; at length by prodigious exertion I was delivered of a name, but it did not enlighten the party; and I afterwards discovered that the name I had given was a compound of two or three others, which had become most egregiously mixed up in my puzzled brain. This attempt having proved unsuccessful, I exclaimed, "*La dame qui est habillée en noir.*" "*Mais nous sommes toutes habillées en noir,*" was the perplexing reply. At length I named the eldest demoiselle of the house. "No, it is not; it is C——," said the young beauty, naming herself in a lively tone of mock reproach, perhaps a little displeased that so soft a voice once heard should not be immediately recognised. We played several other games. Every lady was required to sigh for a particular gentleman, who in turn was called upon to sigh for a lady, and generally felt bound in gratitude to mourn for her who had mourned for him. This reciprocal grief was very diverting. As might naturally be expected, a sigh is rarely bestowed on the real object of the mourner's affection. So closed an evening of uninterrupted good humour. The genuine politeness of Portuguese society prevents the occurrence of those little inadvertencies which are so apt in other countries to jar upon the feelings of individuals, and break in upon the harmony of such amusements.

Lord CARNARVON was much struck with the difference between our own and

PORTUGUESE HABITS.

There are few circumstances which so much impress an Englishman, accustomed to the late hours of his native country, as the difference of habits prevalent in this respect throughout the Portuguese provinces. The breakfast so extremely early, the dinner at eleven, the succeeding siesta, and the late supper which concludes the day, are habits so alien to his own, that his ideas of time are at first sadly confused—at least, they produced this perplexing effect upon mine: however, I soon accommodated myself to customs in all respects well suited to the country. The first hours of the morning are so delightful in that luxurious climate, the brief repose during the burning noon so grateful, and the last and loveliest portion of the day, spent among their gardens and in the society of their dark-eyed women, is not less agreeable. Unlike our English habits, the morning is broken by too many interruptions to admit of serious occupation, the evening ushers in still lighter scenes, and thus in Portugal the bark of life is wafted indolently down the sunny and unruffled stream.

These are his remarks on

PORTUGUESE COSTUME.

There is, generally speaking, far less beauty and distinction of costume in Portugal than in Spain, but

the dress of the peasantry is unusually rich in this part of the country. The strange wild figures that meet the eye in some of the sequestered parts of Spain, and recall the memory of another age, are not here to be seen: here indeed we do not see the pilgrim in his party-coloured garment, the courier with his breast of fur, bare neck, and waist encircled by a belt crowded with quaint devices rudely traced, as if to guard the wearer against a host of Gouls and Afrits. These uncouth figures do not in this part of the country startle yet delight the eye by their grotesque appearance; still there is much beauty of costume: the men were attired in satin waistcoats, richly figured, and of a crimson colour; some had handkerchiefs tied round their heads, after the Oriental fashion, but not in the graceful folds of the turban, as I have seen them worn in that paradise of the Christian world, the vale of Murcia: many of the boys, and some of the men, were dressed in a loose garment, resembling in form, but not in beauty, the Highland kilt; and a broad-brimmed hat, a red scarf, and a blue jacket, not worn but thrown over the shoulder, complete the provincial dress. They also carry the pao or long pole, as in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. I met a young peasant bearing a pannier of grapes, upon which I made a vigorous attack, but no persuasion would induce him to receive any recompense,—a total absence of mercenary feeling very frequent among the Portuguese labourers.

Here is

A ROADSIDE ADVENTURE.

Soon after I left Ovar I overtook a young woman, of great personal attractions, journeying to Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted: they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and earrings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and goodnatured authority which characterised her intercourse with them revived classical associations, illustrated the simple manners of an earlier age, and seemed to realise the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids. Other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion: her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. Her costume might, in some degree, be considered classical, and was admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young. She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met, every evening, under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family, and he arrived one evening at the trying-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would speedily be united, to part no more; but from that hour they never met again, either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested, and conveyed to a place of strict confinement, where he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in a few days, in spite of every ex-

ertion to save him. She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but, except in a person of very deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child: from that hour the current of her thought becomes changed; new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise, to banish former regrets, and

"She who lately loved the best,
Forgets she loved at all."

He sums up the results of his observations on the

CHARACTER OF THE PORTUGUESE.

If I could divest myself of every national partiality, and suppose myself an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, travelling solely for my amusement, noting men and manners, and were asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial, of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindness of feeling. A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese, possessed of strong sarcastic talent, will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumlocution in conveying an unpleasant truth. Even if he be aware that the person with whom he is actually conversing is in the act of deceiving him, he often disguises his knowledge of the fact from his apprehension of wounding the feelings of the deceiver, or, if such a man be too worthless for consideration, from the fear of grieving his kindred: to such an extent is their politeness carried. It may occasionally exceed the proper bounds; but still the general influence of these delicate and considerate feelings is highly beneficial to society, which in Portugal resembles a vessel impelled by a favouring breeze over a calm sea, undisturbed by any displeasing inequality of motion. The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit in Portuguese society, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose. Dandyism is unknown among their men, and coquetry, so common among Spanish women, is little in vogue among the fair Portuguese. They do not possess to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours, but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Even when they err, the aberrations of a married Portuguese never spring from fashion or caprice, seldom from vanity, and, however culpable, are always the result of real preference.

Certainly, with some exceptions, the women are not highly educated; they feel little interest on general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilisation of manner with cultivation of mind; but, without reference to intellectual culture, the last finish of polished breeding distinguishes, perhaps in a still greater degree, the

higher orders of Portugal. I speak only of the higher orders, for their superiority of manner over the middling classes is more strongly marked than even in England. There is little perceptible difference of manner between the different grades of society in Paris; but though this uniformity prevails in revolutionised, it was, I suspect, unknown to refined and aristocratic France. This characteristic politeness of the Portuguese does not

“ ————— only play
Through life's more cultured paths, and charm the way,”
but the kindness of heart from which it flows extends to all classes and affects all relations; it appears in the intercourse of the higher with the middling and the lower orders, and softens the natural jealousy arising from the distinctions of rank. An English gentleman, unprovided at the moment with money, sends a beggar to the devil; the Sovereign of Portugal calls him his brother, and regrets that he has nothing to offer him. Such details may appear trivial, but are really important; because these gentle and considerate manners have promoted a kindly feeling in the people towards their superiors, and have greatly contributed to mitigate the bitter sense of actual privation. The pride of the Portuguese *fidalgos* is chiefly directed against each other, and usually relates to their family alliances. A *puritano*, that is a *fidalgo* who traces a purely noble descent from the earliest times, is supposed to form an unequal alliance when he unites himself to the scion of any house, however illustrious, if not also a *puritano* by descent. The higher will not ally themselves to the inferior nobles, and these again will form no connection with the commonalty; but precedence of rank is occasionally superseded in public opinion by ancient birth; and some untitled families have constantly refused to marry into the houses of particular grandees, because their own descent is unquestionably more ancient, and therefore considered more illustrious.

(To be continued.)

Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara, in the years of 1845 and 1846; containing a Narrative of Personal Adventures during a Tour of nine months through the Desert, amongst the Touaricks and other Tribes of the Saharan People; including a Description of the Oases and Cities of Ghat, Ghadames, and Mourzuk.
By JAMES RICHARDSON. In two volumes.
London: Bentley.

WITH fifty pounds in his pocket and a light heart under his waistcoat, in the autumn of 1845, Mr. RICHARDSON started for a tour in the Great Desert.

For this idea he deserves at least the credit of originality. For a long time past there has been a difficulty among tourists to find some spot upon the globe untrodden and unwritten about by restless Englishmen. Europe has been fairly exhausted. The north of Africa has become as familiar as Switzerland. Egypt and the Nile are as well known as the Rhine. “What new route shall I take?” is the exclamation of every summer rambler. Mountains are flat; rivers are exhausted; cities are stale; the Holy Land is decidedly vulgar, and even Damascus is too commonplace for the ambitious.

But there is the Great Desert of Africa,—a space large enough for the most industrious; which nobody has yet dreamed of making the exclusive scene of his explorations; about which, in fact, nothing is known, because it is supposed that, being a desert, there is nothing to see but sands dotted with a few oases. Thither, then, does Mr. RICHARDSON repair in search of novelty and of materials for a book. Will he find them?

Let the two volumes on our table answer. For nine months Mr. RICHARDSON rode about the Great Desert, mingling with the wild people who inhabit it, incurring divers hazards, rush-

ing into adventures for adventure's sake; noting the natural history, the botany, the geology, the geography, and the commerce of this great tract, so peculiar in its features, and consequently so singular in its productions. Such a book could not fail to arrest attention by the novelty of its intelligence, its fault being too much expansiveness, as if the author had been accustomed to write for newspapers, and to spread his thoughts over the widest possible extent of type. It would have been an improvement to have condensed these two portly volumes into one, and to have compressed into that the substance of the volumes threatened as to come presently, with supplementary information relative to the same land, and the product of the same survey of nine months.

He penetrated the Great Desert about a degree and a half in latitude, and traversed it between three and four degrees in longitude. He visited four principal cities, Mourzuk, Ghat, Ghadames, and Lockna. His route was not without danger from plunderers, and his sufferings arose chiefly from the intense heats of the day, and the cold produced by the radiation of the night. Upon the whole, he found civilization more advanced than he had anticipated, and the name of England was held in respect even in the remotest district, so that his best protector was his reputation of being an English consul.

He speaks favourably of

THE WOMEN OF THE SAHARA.

The white women, or the respectable women of Ghadames, white or coloured, never descend to the streets, nor even go into the gardens around their houses. Their flat-roofed house is their eternal promenade, and their whole world is comprehended within two or three miserable rooms, the date-palms they see, and a few glimpses of the desert beyond—and this is all. Truly it is necessary to establish an Anti-Slavery Society for the women of this oasis. I have visited a few of them in their private apartments with their husbands, in my capacity of quack-doctor. None of them were fair or beautiful, but some pleasing in their manners, and of elegant shape; they are brunettes, one and all, with occasionally large rolling, if not fiery, black eyes. They are gentle in their manners, and were very friendly to the Christian. Many of them, in spite of their seclusion, shewed extreme intelligence; they are also very industrious. My taleb assured me the little money he got from keeping the register of the distribution of water, and other minor matters, could not keep his family, and his chief support was from the industry of his wife in weaving, whom he highly praised, adding, “God has given me the best wife in Ghadames.” Most of the women weave woollens enough for the consumption of their family, and some for sale abroad. The education of the women consists in learning by heart certain prayers, portions of the Koran, and legendary traditions of the famous *Sunnat*. The women are proud of their learning, and the men pride themselves in saying, “Only in this country are women so well instructed!” Besides this, they have the privilege of going to the mosques very early in the morning, and late in the evening, where they say their prayers like men, at least, so I understood from my taleb; but a Christian must not ask questions about women in these countries.

Tax-gatherers are as vexatious in the desert as at home, as witness the following scene:—

Notwithstanding this abject poverty, a bullying taxgatherer, with half-a-dozen loutish soldiers, have been up here prowling about, and wresting with violence the means of supporting life from these miserable beings. The scenes which I witness are heartrending, beyond all I have heard of Irish misery and rent-distressing bullies. One man had his camel seized, the only support of his family; another his bullock; another a few bushels of barley: the houses were entered, searched, and ran-

sacked: people were dragged by the throat through the villages, and beaten with sticks; and all because the poor wretches had no money to meet the demands of these voracious bailiffs. Poverty is, indeed, here a crime. One poor old woman had a few bad unripe figs seized, and came to me, and a group of wretched villagers, crying out bitterly. One or two men, who were imagined to have something, though they had nothing, were held by the throat until they were nearly suffocated. I cursed over and over again in my heart the Turks. I was not prepared for such scenes of cruelty in these remote mountains. We shall find that among the so-called barbarians of the desert there was nothing equal in atrocity to this. What wonder that the Arab prefers, if he can, to pasture his flocks on savage and remote wastes, to being subjected to these regular governments—of extortion! And yet we, in our ignorance of what is here going on, are surprised at their preference. If the people are not ready with their money, their little barley, their winter's store, is seized, and they must pay afterwards their usual quotas of money. Several bags of barley are illegally gotten in this way. The amount of tax or tribute for the whole district of Rujban is five or six hundred mabboubs, which is paid in three instalments, three times a year; but which, though nothing in amount, is more than all the people are worth together, for riches and poverty are relative possessions, if the latter can be possessed. If they can't pay in money, they pay in kind. The sheikh of the district, with the elders, determine how much each man and family shall pay. This, of course, gives rise to ten thousand disputes, heartburnings, and eternal wranglings among themselves. The Arabs, on these occasions, however silent and sulky they may be on others, shew that they have the gift of speech as well as Frenchmen and Italians.

He gives credit to the Mussulmans for having advanced the civilisation of the desert tribes.

In noticing the efforts made for raising Africa from her immemorial degradation, we are bound to confess our obligations to the Mahometans for what they have done. If they have extirpated Christianity from the soil of North Africa, and planted, instead of this tree of fair and pure fruit, the more glaring and showy plant of Islamism, they have, at the same time, endeavoured to raise Africa to their own level of demi-civilisation. Whilst we condemn their slave traffic as we condemn our own, we must do justice to the efforts which they have made, by the spread of their creed and the diffusion of their commerce, during a series of ten or twelve centuries, for promoting the civilisation of Africa. They have succeeded, they have done infinitely more for Africa than we ourselves.

The manners of the Arabs are not always the most polite. This was his reception in one of the tents:—

This evening, however, the women of our two or three huts, and their neighbours, played me an indecent trick, with, of course, a mercenary object. Although the Barbary dance is rare amongst the Arab women, they can have recourse to it at times to suit their objects. The men were gone to bring the camels, and the women sent Said after them on some frivolous message. Four of the women now came into my apartment, and taking hold of hands, formed a circle round me. They then began dancing, or rather making certain indecent motions of the body, known to travellers in North Africa. At once nearly smothered and overpowered, I could scarcely get out of the circle, and pushed them back with great difficulty. At this they were astonished, and wondered all men, Christians and Mussulmans, did not like such delicate condescension on their part. “Don't you like it, infidel?” they cried, and retreated from my room. I now saw their object. They began begging for money vehemently, saying, “Pay, pay, every body pays for this.” Nothing they got from me; and the wife of the Marabout came afterwards, imploring me to say nothing to her husband. It is thus these rude women will act for money, as many who are better

taught, in the streets of London. But acts of delicacy are nevertheless very rare amongst the mountain tribes.

Here is a picture of

A SLAVE CARAVAN.

Some few particulars must now be recorded of the slave-caravans which I left in the Wady. The united number was some one hundred and thirty-slaves. Two-thirds were females, and these young women or girls. There were a few children. Necessity teaches some of the best as well as the sternest lessons. A child of three years of age rode a camel alone, and without fear. The poor little creature knew if it complained or discovered itself frightened, it would be obliged to walk through the Desert. The slaves were fed in the morning with dates, and in the evening with ghusub. Female slaves, after the style of Aheer people, pounded the ghusub in a large wooden mortar just before cooking. But they had little to eat, and were miserably fed, except those who had the good fortune to be purchased by Haj Ibrahim; for some of these improvident, stupid merchants had actually purchased slaves without the means of keeping them. On arriving at the Wady, they sent jointly through Haj Ibrahim to borrow a hundred dollars of the bashaw of Mourzuk. The messenger was Moustapha. His highness kindly handed him over the money. All the masters carried a whip; but this was rarely used, except to drive them along the road, when they lagged from exhaustion. Thus it was administered at times when it could least be borne, when nature was sinking from fatigue and utter weariness; and therefore was cruel and inhuman. Yet only some twenty were sick, and two died. When very ill, they were lashed upon the back of the camel. Some of the young women that had become favourites of their masters experienced a little indulgence. I observed occasionally love-making going on between the slaves, and some of the boys would carry wood for the girls. My servant Said had one or two black beauties under his protection. But every thing was of the most innocent and correct character. Some groups of slaves were aristocratic, and would not associate with the others. Three young females, under the care of the shereef, assumed the airs and attitudes of exclusives, and would not associate with the rest. Every passion and habit of civilised is represented in savage life. A perfect democracy, in any country and state of society, is a perfect lie, and a leveller is a brainless fool. There is also an aristocracy in crime and in virtue, in demons and in angels. The slaves are clad variously. Haj Ibrahim tried to give every one of his a blanket or barracan, more or less large. Besides this, the females had a short chemise, and a dark blue Sudan cotton short-sleeved frock. Many had only this frock. The poor creatures suffered more from the ignorant neglect of the Touaricks than the Tripoline merchants, and their complaints and diseases usually begin with their former masters; yet I am assured by Mr. Gagliuffi that the Touaricks of Aheer are infinitely better and kinder masters than the Tibboo merchants of Bornou, or even many Tripolines.

This is his account of

TIMBUCTOO.

Timbuctoo is situated upon the northern flats of the Niger, or at about half a day's distance from it during the summer, and three hours only in winter, the difference arising from the increase of the water of the river during the latter season. But our merchants do not mention whether this river be a branch of the Niger (which they call Neel or Nile), or the Niger itself. This they are evidently unacquainted with. They never mention the port of Cabra, which is so distinctly noticed by Caillié. The climate is hot, and always hot, but extremely healthy—as healthy as any part of Central Africa. The city is about four times larger than Tripoli as to area, but in proportion not so densely inhabited, the population being about 23,000 souls. It has no walls now, though it formerly had, and is open to the inroads of the tribes of the Desert. The

population is very mixed, and consists of Fullans, who are the dominant caste, Touaricks, Negroes, and Moors and Arabs from different oases of Sahara, as also from the northern coast of Africa. The majority of the Moors are Maroquines. The government is absolute, and now in the delegated possession of a marabout named Mokhtar, and the national religion Mahometan. There do not appear to be any pagans or idolatrous Africans now resident in Timbuctoo, but some half-century ago most of the Kissour negroes, the native negroes of Timbuctoo, were pagans. The present sultan is called Ahmed Ben Ahmed Lebba Fullan, whose authority is established over the two great cities of Jinnee and Timbuctoo, and all the intervening and neighbouring districts, including several cities of inferior note. He is the son of the famous warrior Ahmed Lebba, who dethroned the native prince of the Ramee, or those who "bend the bow." The usual residence of the sultan is now at Jinnee. The city is a place of great sanctity, and no person has the privilege of smoking in it—that is to say, defiling it, but the Touaricks, who are there so overbearing and unmanageable, as to be above the local laws. They are the cause of continual disturbances at Timbuctoo; nevertheless, so powerful are the Fullans, that they manage to keep the Touaricks in subjection, as well as the native negro tribes. There are seven mosques, the minarets of some of which are as large as those of Tripoli.

There are several schools and a few learned doctors amongst the priests. The houses are only one story high, but some few have a room over a magazine; they are built of stones and mortar, and some of wood or straw. The streets are narrow, few of them admit of the passage of two camels abreast. Several covered bazaars are built for merchandise. There are no native manufactures of consequence. Timbuctoo is properly a commercial depot or emporium. The principal medium of exchange is salt, which is very inconvenient. The grand desideratum of merchants is the acquisition and accumulation of gold; but this is obtained only by a long and wearying residence at Timbuctoo, and is very uncertain in supply. The gold is brought from a considerable distance south-west. Jinnee is a greater place of trade than Timbuctoo. The neighbouring country is flat and sandy, stretching in plains over the alluvial deposits of the Niger. There are no fruit-trees or gardens, beyond the growing of a few melons and vegetables; but trees abound on the vast plains of Timbuctoo, and there is a great number of the Tholh, or gum-bearing acacia. The communication between Jinnee and Timbuctoo is principally by water, and with light boats the journey can be accomplished in seven days, but the distance is a month by land. The navigation of the Niger is extremely difficult, and in the dry season the boats are continually grounding, whilst in the wet season people are in constant dread of being precipitated on the rocks. The boats have no sails, and are pushed along by poles with great labour. There is no water in the city: it is brought from pits east and west, a quarter of a mile distant,—that from the east being brackish, and that from the west sweet.

A brief sketch of

AN ARAB DANCE.

This evening saw, for the first time, "the playing with the head," which is performed by females. This was done by a young girl. After baring her head and unbinding her hair, throwing her long dark tresses in dishevelled confusion, she knelt down and began moving her chest and head in various attitudes, her whole soul being apparently in the motion. Part of her hair she held fast in her teeth, as if modestly to cover her face, the rest flew wildly about with the agitation of her head and chest, and all to the tune or time of two pieces of stick, one beating on the other, by the woman upon whose knees she leaned with her hands. The motion was really graceful, though wild and dervish-like, but there was nothing lascivious in it, like the dancing of the Moors; nor could it well be, the upper part of the body only was in agitation, being literally "the playing with the head." I never saw this before or again in North Africa.

We conclude with his statement, which may be useful to readers meditating a similar exploit, of

THE COST OF TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT.

I am sure, for I did not keep an exact account, my expenses did not exceed the round number of fifty by more than half-a-dozen pounds. I hope, therefore, I shall not be blamed for want of economy in Saharan travelling, especially when it is seen that the Messrs. Lyon and Ritchie expedition cost Government three thousand (3,000) pounds sterling, whose journey did not extend further south than mine, nor did they, indeed, penetrate so completely into the Sahara as I have done. Captain Lyon likewise writes, that without "additional pecuniary supplies," he could not think of proceeding further into the interior, and accordingly returned. But were a person to ask me these questions—"Did you spend enough?" "Did you supply all your necessary wants?" "Could you safely recommend others to follow your example?"—I must reply negatively to them all. This tour, to have been performed properly, as undertaken only by a private individual, ought to have cost at least one hundred pounds.

And this was the distance travelled:—

I have passed eighty days, or nine hundred and sixty hours, out of this on the camel's back, and made a tour in the Sahara of some one thousand six hundred miles. I reckon my distances and days thus, averaging one with another:

DAYS' JOURNEY.

From Tripoli to Ghadames.....	15 days
From Ghadames to Ghat	20 "
From Ghat to Mourzuk	15 "
From Mourzuk to Tripoli	30 "
Total.....	80 "

These eighty days, at the rate of twenty miles per day, make 1,600 miles. I walked every day, one day with another, about two hours; which, at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, makes the distance of four hundred miles that I went on foot through the Great Desert. I wore out two or three pairs of shoes, but not one suit of clothes.

FICTION.

Rosa and Gertrude, and My Uncle's Library.
Translated from the French of Rodolph Topffer.
London, 1848. Simms and M'Intyre.

THIS, as we gather from the preface, is the first introduction of TÖFFER to the English public. He was a Genevese, born in the year 1799, the son of a painter of high distinction. For some time he followed the pursuit of his father, until threatened loss of sight compelled him to abandon the easel and dedicate himself to letters. He soon discovered that his forte lay in fictions having a moral tendency, and he produced many tales, each having a decided purpose of assailing some prevalent vice or folly, and he speedily grew to be a great public favourite, and his works were everywhere read and admired. A recent Parisian critic has indeed said of one of the tales in this volume, that "the story of *Rosa and Gertrude* is one of the sweetest, the most fascinating, and the most improving that ever was presented to the public." It is, therefore, a most acceptable addition to *The Parlour Library*, of which series it is the new volume, and will be doubtless as widely patronised as any of its predecessors.

POETRY.

Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs. By CHARLES SWAIN. London: Bogue.

CHARLES SWAIN approaches nearer to being a true poet, without quite proving himself entitled to the appellation, than any writer of verse with whom we are acquainted. Still there is plain to the critical the absence of that creative power which is the characteristic of genius. He is a master of his art, but he wants the inspiration. Sometimes, as we

read, we are half inclined to exclaim, "Lo! here is the spark divine—this is poetry!" But always at the moment the thought ceases to rise—it reaches its culminating point, and anticipation is disappointed; we find nothing more than an old idea wrought into a new and pleasing shape. He cannot take his place among the mighty masters of song; but he is entitled to a very high position with the writers of pleasing and profitable verse. His sentiments are pure and lofty; his imagination is rich; his fancy playful, and there is occasionally a dash of humour that recommends him to the regards of those who partake of the propensity of the times towards that species of composition.

Nearly approaching to genius, but not quite attaining it, are these two:—

NEAR THEE.

"I would be with thee—near thee, ever near thee—
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—
Still seeking with my spirit-power to cheer thee,
And thou to see me, but as some bright star,
Knowing me not, but yet oft-times perceiving
That when thou gazest I still brighter grow,
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heaving
With all it knows, yet would not have thee know.
I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound;
Mirror'd within thee as within a river:
A flower upon thy breast and thou the ground!
That, when I died and unto earth return'd,
Our natures never more might parted be;
Within thy being all mine own inurn'd—
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee!"

A SIGH.

"Nothing that lives can bloom
Long upon earth;
Meteors, that realms illumine,
Die in their birth!
All that the soul admires—
All that the heart desires—
From heart and soul expires;
Leaving but dearth!
Stars as they light the hours
Steal them away!—
Suns which unfold the flowers
Bring them decay!—
Even Morn's beams of light
Fresh on their heavenly flight,
Shine but to speed the Night!—
Nothing can stay!—
So, for a little while,
Time passes on—
Flowers that our hopes beguile
Fade one by one!
All that our love can say,
Of those who blessed our way,
Is—that they passed their day—
Lived—and are gone!"

Very beautiful is this on

LONELY AGE.

"The gate is swinging from the hasp,
The garden plat shrinks less and less,
'Mid weed and seed, and things that clasp
All beauty in their hideousness;
The wildness seems to grow and grow,
However late or long I strive;
There's nothing blooms! It was not so
When Ellen was alive!
The neighbours for a time were kind,
And rarely passed without a word;
But they who grieve have friends to find!
And sorrow tires when often heard!
So by another path they go
Across the brook, beyond the hive,
And few come near;—it was not so
When Ellen was alive!"

Fanciful, but without anything that can be deemed original in thought, is

THE SNOW.

"The silvery snow!—the silvery snow!—
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;
While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!"

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost;
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,
To live in a purer and holier clime!—
A new creation without a stain—
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!
But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!"

Compare with TENNYSON'S "Moated Grange" the following, and the truth of our remark will be at once apparent.

THE COTTAGE WINDOW.

"Sitting at the cottage window
Gazing on the myrtle bloom,
Whilst the summer daylight dying
Mantles hill and vale with gloom:
Colder falls the starry evening,
Darker grows the narrow room;
Still she lingers at the casement
Gazing on the myrtle bloom.

Sudden, like a rose she blushes,
Angel light is in her glance,
Nerk, and brow, and bosom flushes,
As a step doth quick advance:
Sudden, pale as any moonlight
Falling on a wintry shore,
Fadeth cheek, and brow, and bosom,
As that step is heard no more!

'Never love nor hope,' she sayeth,
'If a breaking heart ye fear;
Every blush of love betrayeth—
Every breath of hope's a tear!
Thus, unto herself, she moaneth,
List'ning 'mid the deep'ning gloom;
Sitting at the cottage casement,
Weeping o'er the myrtle bloom."

THE ANGEL-WATCH, OR THE SISTERS.

"A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed:
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
'Sleep, dutious child,' the angel said,
'And I will watch for thee!
Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place;
And oh! so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel-guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown;—
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl;—
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl!

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen;—
The earthly and the spiritual
With death's pale face between.
O human love, what strength like thine?
From these those prayers arise
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold—
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtained bed,—
The still and sickly room:

'My daughter?—art thou there, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

'If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now,' she cried.
'God knows my heart; I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide.

'Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!
The angel kissed her: and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound,
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms!—
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace—
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

EDUCATION.

Wilson's Catechism of Modern History. London: Darton and Co.

WE do not approve of education by catechisms; they are excuses for lazy or incompetent teachers; but if masters and parents will use them, we can say of this, that it is one of the best of its kind. The questions are not too abstruse, nor the answers too difficult. It is very superior indeed to PINXOCK'S, and the series to which it belongs has worthily superseded that ancient oracle.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Art-Union for February.—The February number of this unequalled periodical opens with an engraving of HILTON'S exquisite "Cupid Disarmed," which alone is worth about ten times the cost the whole number would have been sold for ten years ago. It is very well engraved by LIGHTFOOT. But beside, there is another engraving of equal merit and value—"The Homeward Bound," a sea-shore scene by LEE, one of his happiest transcripts of nature. But these are only a part of the attractions of this extraordinary publication. There is yet a third engraving of FLAXMAN'S "Mercury and Pandora." Besides these there are some twenty woodcuts in the first style of the art, illustrating various papers on such important themes as "The Application of Science to the Fine and Useful Arts;" "Portraits of the Living Artists of Europe," with specimens of their works, ROBERT FLEURY being the subject of the present notice, of whom there is a capital likeness, and copies of four of his most characteristic productions. Then there are a series of suggestive outlines of leaves applied to manufactures, a collection of designs for manufactures, and of designs for cottages. The literary contents are almost equally attractive with the pictorial. They consist of notices of art at home and abroad; intelligence of all kinds relating to art, of which the most interesting is a copy of the conveyance to the nation by Mr. VERNON of his magnificent collection of pictures by modern artists. The document is a curious one; it is a formal assignment, in set legal phrase, duly signed, sealed, and delivered, with the exception only that the generous donor made his mark instead of writing his name, in consequence of being disabled by the gout; but we are happy to say that he has since recovered. It is dated the 22nd of December, 1847, and a schedule names the pictures, the list of which fills two closely-printed columns. Of course a vote of thanks will be presented to him by Parliament, in the name and on behalf of the nation; but the question now occurs, Where is this magnificent present to be placed? The Gallery as it is will not hold them. Let advantage be taken of the opportunity to erect a building worthy of our age and country. The most resolute economist will not begrudge the cost of such a work. It would be better than erecting batteries and raising regiments.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Miscellaneous Letters on Currency, Free Trade, &c. By S. A. GODDARD. London: Simpkin and Co.

A SERIES of sensible letters on a variety of subjects, suggested by the commercial crisis through which we have lately passed. Mr. GODDARD is not tied to any theory or party; he freely discusses all opinions, and avows his own without reserve. They are calculated to make the unreflecting think. They suggest more than they convey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays and Tales. By JOHN STERLING. Collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A. Rector of Herstmonceux. London: Parker. STERLING is better known as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* than in any other cha-

racter. By *Maga* was he first introduced to public notice, and to its pages he continued a faithful contributor until his premature death.

Judging him now that his labour is done and impartially reviewing his actual performances, it must be owned that they do not fulfil the promise of his earlier productions. It is true that he did not live to attain the prime of life when the judgment is strongest and feeling has not begun to flag; but he approached it nearly enough to enable the impartial critic to take a sufficiently accurate measure of his genius, and the result is, that it was wanting in the elements of strength—that it was not *creative*—and that if he had lived out the natural term of his life it is not probable that he would produce aught having better claim to immortality than the essays and fugitive pieces gathered in those volumes, and which recommend themselves rather as relics to the regards of personal friendship than to the general reader.

Mr. STERLING was of the Germanic school, and although we avow ourselves admirers of that school generally, and, as the readers of *THE CRITIC* must have learned, willing to pay them more attention in these pages than they find in any other English journal, yet are we compelled in honesty to say that they are liable beyond any others to mistake a certain kind of mysticism for profundity of thought, a peculiar dreaminess for poetical inspiration and a technical phraseology for the utterances of true poetry. Mr. STERLING fell into this fault and so did many of his friends and admirers, and therefore it is that his works will hold a very different place in public estimation from that which has been anticipated for them by their generous partiality.

STERLING had indifferent health, consumptive tendencies early shewing themselves in his constitution, and which his literary occupations rather tended to aggravate. He followed no regular pursuit, nor even any fixed literary employment; he was a contributor to the *London and Westminster*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, as well as to *Blackwood* and the *Athenæum*. His essays were better than his poetry. They are peculiarly adapted to a periodical; lively, graceful, putting old truths in agreeable forms, and occasionally introducing new ones, but always suggestively and not dogmatically, and therefore giving no offence to those good people who make a point of abusing new opinions, simply because they are new.

Thus is described

THE POET'S DEATH-BED.

On the 16th of September [1844], there was a great and sudden increase of weakness, which convinced him and those around him that the end was at hand. In this conviction he said, "I thank the All-wise One." His sister remarked the next day that he was unusually cheerful. He lay on the sofa quietly, telling her of little things that he wished her to do for him, and choosing out books to be sent to his friends. On the 18th, he was again comforted by letters from Mr. Trench and Mr. Mill, to whom he took pleasure in scribbling some little verses of thanks. Then, writing a few lines in pencil, he gave them to his sister, saying, "This is for you: you will care more for this!" The lines were—

"Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From Glowworm up to Sun,
'Twould speak with one concordant sound,
'Thy will, O God, be done!
But hark, a sadder, mightier prayer,
From all men's hearts that live,
'Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive!"

These were the last words he wrote. He murmured over the last two lines to himself. He had been very quiet all that day, little inclined to read

or speak, until the evening, when he talked a little to his sister. As it grew dusk, he appeared to be seeking for something; and, on her asking what he wanted, said, "Only the old Bible, which I used so often at Herstonceaux in the cottages;" and which generally lay near him. A little later, his brother arrived from London; with whom he conversed cheerfully for a few minutes. He was then left to settle for the night. But soon he grew worse; and the servant summoned the family to his room. He was no longer able to recognise them. The last struggle was short; and before eleven o'clock his spirit had departed. He was buried in the beautiful little churchyard of Bonchurch."

As a specimen of his lighter essay style, take his sketch of

EXETER HALL.

In the midst of London business, and all the clatter of its vehicles, turn aside through an open door, and what do we see? A large and lofty room, every yard of its floor and galleries crammed with human, chiefly female, life—a prodigious sea of bonnets, and under each of these a separate sentient sea of notions, and feelings, and passions, all in some measure stirred by the same tides and gales—every one of them, however narrow at the surface, in depth unfathomable. Altogether irrespectively of our present purpose, and on the most general grounds, it may be safely said that in one of these great Exeter Hall meetings there is more to strike us than almost anywhere else we know. The room is said to hold four thousand persons, and, from its form, they are all clearly visible at once,—all of the middle or upper classes, well-dressed, though often many of them in Quaker uniform, and at these times probably three-fourths of them women. Such assemblages are, in truth, for a large part of the members, by far the most exciting outward events of life. The faces themselves are alone quite enough to prove no small share of moral culture in the mass. The delicately-curved mouths and nostrils, the open yet quiet and observant eyes, and a look of serious yet pleasurable elevation, mark very clearly a chosen class of our country. The men are, of course, less pure and single in their stamp of feeling: business has marked on them its contractedness, with its strength. Yet these also have an appearance of thought, although with some coxcombical importance and complacent theological primness. Take, however, the whole assemblage—all it is and all it represents—we know not where any thing like it could be discovered. No Roman Catholic, no despotism, no poor, no barbarous, no thoroughly demoralised, we fear we must add, no very instructed and well-organised community, could ever exhibit such a gathering—voluntary, be it remembered, chiefly female, all with money to spare, united for such remote and often fantastic objects—above all, under such leaders; for in the kind of persons guiding these bodies, and in their discourse, consists more than half the wonder. In the House of Commons, in the Courts of Law, we may hear nonsense enough; but in these places it is not the most vehement, the most chimerical, in other words, the most outrageous and silly, who bear the chiefest sway, but much the contrary. Now, in such Strand meetings, for the purest and noblest purposes, it is plain enough that a loud tongue, combined with a certain unctuous silkiness of profession, and the most dismal obscurity of brain, may venture with success upon the maddest assertions, the most desperate appeals, and will draw sighs and even tears of sympathy, by the coarsest nonsense, from hundreds of amiable and thoughtful persons.

The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By CATHERINE CROWE, Authoress of "Susan Hopley," &c. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Newby.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

MRS. CROWE devotes a chapter to Troubled Spirits, of which the stories are multitudinous. Some of them are familiar to every reader; others are new. We pause upon this chapter

merely to remind our readers of a very remarkable instance of recent occurrence and now under judicial investigation in Somersetshire. A farmer was missing at Dundry, a village near Bristol, about three weeks since. Search was everywhere made for him, but he could not be found. Two men living in the village, dreamed on the same night that he had been murdered and thrown into an unused well in the neighbourhood. They gave information of this revelation of their dreams to the authorities, and the constables were sent to search. When they came to the place indicated, they almost refused to take the trouble to open it, as there was not the slightest appearance of its having been disturbed for many years, and they laughed at the dreamers. But at length they complied with their earnest entreaties, and in the well was found the murdered body of the farmer as they had seen it in their dreams. It may be suggested, perhaps, that the dreamers were possibly concerned in the murder. But not the slightest suspicion in fact attaches to them, and other persons are in custody with every moral aspect of guilt.

This is a circumstance occurring at this very time. It is unnecessary to recall the no less remarkable instance of the murder commonly known as that of "the Red Barn," which was discovered by a similar agency, and equally beyond question as a *fact*, however it may be accounted for.

To say that such events are accidental coincidences, is to suppose a miracle, instead of looking to see if they cannot be explained by natural agencies. To us there is no difficulty in accounting for them according to existing laws of nature. In the somnambulist state the mind is enabled to perceive circumstances beyond the reach of the senses; but the condition of that perception is, that the attention should be strongly directed to the object. The dreamers had their thoughts intensely fixed upon the missing farmer. When they slept they became partially somnambulist, and the mind then actually perceived the object upon which their attention was fixed. It is a phenomenon witnessed every day in patients thrown into a state of artificial somnambulism, and there is no reason why it should not occur also in a state of natural somnambulism.

Here is a story of the same class. It is related by Dr. KERNER, who asserts that he had carefully investigated the facts, and had no reason to doubt the veracity of the parties.

Agnes B. being at the time eighteen years of age, was living as servant in a small inn at Underheim, her native place. The host and hostess were quiet old people, who generally went to bed about eight o'clock, whilst she and the boy, the only other servant, were expected to sit up till ten, when they had to shut up the house and retire to bed also. One evening, as the host was sitting on a bench before the door, there came a beggar, requesting a night's lodging. The host, however, refused, and bade him seek what he wanted in the village, whereon the man went away. At the usual hour the old people went to bed, and the two servants, having closed the shutters, and indulged in a little gossip with the watchman, were about to follow their example, when the beggar came round the corner of the neighbouring street, and earnestly entreated them to give him a lodging for the night, since he could find nobody that would take him in. At first, the young people refused, saying they dared not, without their master's leave, but at length the entreaties of the man prevailed, and they consented to let him sleep in the barn, on condition that, when they called him in the morning, he would immediately depart. At three o'clock they rose, and when the boy entered the barn, to his dismay, he found that the old man had expired in the night. They were now much perplexed with the apprehension of their master's displeasure; so, after some

consultation, they agreed that the lad should convey the body out of the barn, and lay it in a dry ditch that was near at hand, where it would be found by the labourers, and excite no question, as they would naturally conclude he had laid himself down there to die. This was done, the man was discovered and buried, and they thought themselves well rid of the whole affair; but, on the following night, the girl was awakened by the beggar, whom she saw standing at her bed-side. He looked at her, and then quitted the room by the door. "Glad was I," she says, "when the day broke, but I was scarcely out of my room when the boy came to me, trembling and pale, and before I could say a word to him of what I had seen, he told me that the beggar had been to his room in the night, had looked at him, and then gone away. He said he was dressed as when we had seen him alive, only he looked blacker, which I also had observed." Still afraid of incurring blame, they told nobody, although the apparition returned to them every night, and although they found removing to the other bed-chambers did not relieve them from his visits. But the effects of this persecution became so visible on both, that much curiosity was awakened in the village with respect to the cause of the alteration observed in them; and, at length the boy's mother went to the minister, requesting him to interrogate her son, and endeavour to discover what was preying on his mind. To him the boy disclosed their secret, and this minister, who was a Protestant, having listened with attention to the story, advised him, when next he went to Mayence to market, to call on Father Joseph, of the Franciscan Convent, and relate the circumstance to him. This advice was followed, and Father Joseph, assuring the lad that the ghost could do him no harm, recommended him to ask him, in the name of God, what he desired. The boy did so, whereupon the apparition answered, "Ye are children of mercy, but I am a child of evil; in the barn, under the straw, you will find my money. Take it; it is yours." In the morning, the boy found the money accordingly in an old stocking, hid under the straw; but having a natural horror of it, they took it to their minister, who advised them to divide it into three parts; giving one to the Franciscan Convent at Mayence, another to the Reformed church in the village, and the third to that to which they themselves belonged, which was of the Lutheran persuasion. This they did, and were no more troubled with the beggar.

This might be accounted for from the effects of a troubled mind, without supposing any actual apparition. The *finale*, too, has a very *monkish* aspect. There is too evident an endeavour to turn it to *profitable* account. It reads like one of those pious fictions which are embodied in *tracts*.

Of *second-sight*, Mrs. CROWE has collected some cases, many of them not before published. It is, in fact, identical with the faculty of *mental travelling*, so common with mesmeric patients. We take a few of these cases:—

When the young Duke of Orleans was killed, a lady residing here saw the accident, and described it to her husband at the time it was occurring in France. She had frequently seen the duke when on the continent.

Captain N. went to stay two days at the house of Lady T. After dinner, however, he announced that he was under the necessity of going away that night, nor could he be induced to remain. On being much pressed for an explanation, he confided to some of the party that during the dinner he had seen a female figure with her throat cut, standing behind Lady T's chair. Of course it was thought an illusion, but Lady T. was not told of it, lest she should be alarmed. That night the household was called up for the purpose of summoning a surgeon—Lady T. had cut her own throat.

Mr. C. who, though a Scotchman, was an entire sceptic with regard to the second sight, was told by a seer whom he had been jeering on the subject, that within a month he (Mr. C.) would be a pall-bearer at a funeral, that he would go by a certain

road, but that before they had crossed the brook, a man in a drab coat would come down the hill and take the pall from him. The funeral occurred, Mr. C. was a bearer, and they went by the road described; but he firmly resolved that he would disapprove the seer by keeping the pall whilst they crossed the brook; but shortly before they reached it, the postman overtook them, with letters, which in that part of the country arrived but twice a week, and Mr. C. who was engaged in some speculations of importance, turned to receive them; at which moment the pall was taken from him, and on looking round, he saw it was by a man in a drab coat.

A medical friend of mine, who practised some time at Deptford, was once sent for to a girl who had been taken suddenly ill. He found her with inflammation of the brain, and the only account the mother could give of it was, that shortly before, she had run into the room, crying, "Oh, mother, I have seen Uncle John drowned in his boat, under the fifth arch of Rochester Bridge!" The girl died a few hours afterwards; and on the following night the uncle's boat ran foul of the bridge, and he was drowned, exactly as she had foretold.

Mrs. A. an English lady, and the wife of a clergyman, relates that, previous to her marriage, she with her father and mother being at the seaside, had arranged to make a few days' excursion to some races that were about to take place; and that the night before they started, the father having been left alone whilst the ladies were engaged in their preparations, they found him, on descending to the drawing-room, in a state of considerable agitation; which, he said, had arisen from his having seen a dreadful face at one corner of the room. He described it as a bruised, battered, crushed, discoloured face, with the two eyes protruding frightfully from their sockets; but the features were too disfigured to ascertain if it were the face of any one he knew. On the following day, on their way to the races an accident occurred; and he was brought home with his own face exactly in the condition he had described. He had never exhibited any other instance of this extraordinary faculty, and the impression made by the circumstance lasted the remainder of his life, which was unhappily shortened by the injuries he had received.

The late Mrs. V. a lady of fortune and family, who resided near Loch Lomond, possessed this faculty in an extraordinary degree, and displayed it on many remarkable occasions. When her brother was shipwrecked in the Channel, she was heard to exclaim, "Thank God, he is saved!" and described the scene, with all its circumstances.

Colonel David Stewart, a determined disbeliever in what he calls the *supernatural*, in his book on the Highlanders, relates the following fact as one so remarkable, that "credulous minds" may be excused for believing it to have been prophetic. He says, that late in an autumnal evening of the year 1773, the son of a neighbour came to his father's house, and soon after his arrival inquired for a little boy of the family, then about three years old. He was shewn up to the nursery, and found the nurse putting a pair of new shoes on the child, which she complained did not fit. "Never mind," said the young man, "they will fit him before he wants them;" a prediction which not only offended the nurse, but seemed at the moment absurd, since the child was apparently in perfect health. When he joined the party in the drawing-room, he being much jeered upon this new gift of second sight, he explained, that the impression he had received originated in his having just seen a funeral passing the wooden bridge which crossed the stream at a short distance from the house. He first observed a crowd of people, and on coming nearer, he saw a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen, all of his acquaintance, his own father and a Mr. Stewart being amongst the number. He did not attempt to join the procession, which he saw turn off into the churchyard; but knowing his own father could not be actually there, and that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were then at Blair, he felt a conviction that the phenomenon portended the death of the child; a persuasion which was verified by its suddenly expiring on the following night; and Colonel Stewart adds, that the circumstances and

attendants at the funeral were precisely such as the young man had described. He mentions also that this gentleman was not a seer; that he was a man of education and general knowledge, and that this was the first and only vision of the sort he ever had.

Here is a case of

NATURAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

The old persuasion, that fasting was a means of developing the spirit of prophecy, is undoubtedly well founded, and the annals of medicine furnish numerous facts which establish it. A man condemned to death at Viterbo having abstained from food in the hope of escaping execution, became so *clairvoyant*, that he could tell what was doing in any part of the prison; the expression used in the report is, that he *saw through the walls*; this, however, could not be with his natural organs of sight.

Other instances recorded are—

When Monsiear Six Deniers, the artist, was drowned in the Seine, in 1846, after his body had been vainly sought, a somnambule was applied to, in whose hands they placed a portfolio belonging to him, and being asked where the owner was, she evinced great terror, held up her dress, as if walking in the water, and said that he was between two boats, under the Pont des Arts, with nothing on but a flannel waistcoat; and there he was found.

A friend of mine knows a lady, who, one morning, early, being in a natural state of *clairvoyance*, without magnetism, saw the porter of the house where her son lodged, ascend to his room with a carving-knife, go to his bed where he lay asleep, lean over him, then open a chest, take out a fifty-pound note, and retire. On the following day, she went to her son and asked him if he had any money in the house; he said, "Yes, he had fifty pounds;" whereupon, she bade him seek it; but it was gone. They stopped payment of the note; but did not prosecute, thinking the evidence insufficient. Subsequently, the porter being taken up for other crimes, the note was found crumpled up at the bottom of an old purse belonging to him.

We must return once more to these volumes in order to present some of Mrs. CROWE's explanations of the phenomena she has recorded, with such comments as they may provoke.

The Oxford, Cambridge, and University Almanac for the year 1848. London: Rivingtons.

A PERFECT typographical gem, comprising all the information required by ecclesiastical persons; it contains many fine engravings; it is of large quarto size, illuminated throughout, and superbly bound in scarlet and gold, with gilded leaves. It is by far the most sumptuous publication of its class that has ever issued from the press.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains. By Father P. J. DE SMETS, of the Society of Jesus. New York: Edward Dunigan.*

THE Jesuits are a remarkable people. They form a nation of themselves as much as do the Jews, however widely scattered; with this difference, that, unlike the Jews, their widely ramified association has its acknowledged head and subordinates everywhere. The good tendency of such an association scattered among the nations, and acting in disciplined unison to its own laws, is measurably to promote Christian brotherhood among all people. The evil tendency is, by substituting fidelity to the behests of an order to the claims of patriotism in every country, to bring all countries finally under the rule of that order. In Europe, where the tie of loyalty in one land and the bond of patriotism in another are believed to lie at the root of all responsibility of citizenship, there has for centuries been great jealousy of the seductive practices of Jesuitism

* From the *Literary World*,—the American Critic.

in increasing the power of its order. In this country, where we acknowledge neither the claims of patriotism nor loyalty as paramount to opinion; or rather, where opinion is recognised as the only basis of citizenship, the only national bond of association between men brought together from all corners of the earth, the Jesuit has a free as well as a legitimate field before him, to enhance the power of his order, and centralise all the influence he can gather here, at the fountain head of the Propaganda. The untoward attempt to create a party in the country, founded upon a basis of citizenship referring to the soil, failed so miserably, that such must now be recognised as the will of the American people. Opinion is the only test of allegiance known in our political relations to the country, or to each other; and the struggle between different moral and religious associations—whether Tetotalters or Romanists—to get the mastery of that opinion, and determine its allegiance wheresoever its controllers choose, is the natural consequence and lawful result of our present philosophy in politics, as clearly accepted by the two great ruling parties of the land. Our fellow-citizens, the Jesuits, therefore, have as good a right to pursue their, elsewhere, closely-questioned views and objects, as any other association, religious, moral, or political, that exists within our borders. And while they bring to their labours men of the piety and talents of Father SMETS, we care not to look forward to any remote political results anticipated by more worldly churchmen of his order, from the present single-hearted labours of this zealous and eloquent priest. If there be any deep design under them, of which the worthy father is the unconscious agent, let our wise politicians look to the matter,—it is none of our business here. We have perused his book with unaffected respect for his character, reverence for his devoted zeal to his calling, and admiration of his eloquence. We only wish that he had shewn himself somewhat read in the travels of his Catholic brethren over similar regions of North America two hundred years ago, and indicate occasionally the interesting parallels of his position with theirs, "to whose patience and learning, in this as in other spheres of interesting observation, the world is so unwilling to acknowledge their indebtedness." (*Literary World*, vol. ii. page 6.) The whole of the following, for instance, is identical with views of Algonquin life, and expositions of belief, heretofore copied into the *Literary World* from the *Cérémonies Religieuses* of PICARD and by him taken from the *Relations* of the Jesuit Fathers of six generations ago. What interest would it have added to the passage for Father SMETS's readers, had he pointed out similar identities wherever they occur!

Having inquired of this chief what he thought of the Great Spirit, of the Creator, and of the origin of his religion, or great medicine, he replied as follows:—

"Many among us believe that there are two Great Spirits who govern the universe, but who are constantly at war with each other. One is called the *Kchemnito*, that is, the Great Spirit, the other *Mchemnito*, or the Wicked Spirit. The first is goodness itself, and his beneficent influence is felt everywhere; but the second is wickedness personified, and does nothing but evil. Some believe that they are equally powerful, and, through fear of the Wicked Spirit, offer to him their homage and admiration. Others, again, are doubtful which of them should be considered the more powerful, and, accordingly, endeavour to propitiate both, by offering to each an appropriate worship. The greater part, however, believe, as I do, that *Kchemnito* is the first principle, the first great cause, and, consequently, ought to be all powerful; and to whom alone is due all worship and adoration; and that *Mchemnito* ought to be despised and rejected!"

The excellent father then goes on to tell the whole tradition of "Nanabojoo, "Chipiapoos," and other fabled characters of Indian lore, with but little deviation in spelling and other particulars, from that we have already furnished to the readers of the *Literary World*, from the narratives of his predecessors of the same faith in neighbouring regions of missionary enterprise. It is certainly most strange, that this interesting information about the religious ideas of our aborigines, as we have before

had occasion to observe, though incessantly reproduced by different explorers, always comes up afresh in separate strands, which are never by American travellers so twisted together as to interweave the researches of one mind with those of another, and thereby bind the discoveries of past ages to ours, so that they can mutually sustain and strengthen each other, and give some satisfaction to the ordinary inquirer into the psychology of the Red man.

But let us turn now to the far—still farther west, and the new faith that is abroad among the Heathen of Oregon, fast superseding their old dogmas:—

STATE OF RELIGION.

At the period when the two Catholic missionaries arrived in Oregon territory, the Hudson Bay Company possessed from ten to twelve establishments for the fur trade, in each of which there was a certain number of Canadians professing our holy faith, and in addition to these there were twenty-six Catholic families at Willamette, and four at Cowlitz. It is easy to imagine to how many dangers they had been exposed of losing their faith, deprived as they were of religious instruction and of every external incentive to the practice of piety, and surrounded by individuals who were not inactive in their efforts to withdraw them from the fold of Catholicity. The Methodist missionaries had already formed two establishments, one in the Willamette, where they had a school, and another about fifty miles from the Cascade. An Anglican minister, who resided at Vancouver two years, left it before the arrival of the Catholic clergy. The Presbyterians had a missionary post at Walla Walla, and among the Nes-perceés, and in 1839 they established a third station on the river Spokane, a few days' journey south of Colville. In 1840, the Rev. Mr. Lee brought with him fellow-labourers for the vineyard, with their wives and children, and a number of husbandmen and mechanics. It was a real colony. The preachers stationed themselves at the most important posts, as at Willamette Falls, the Clatsops below Fort George, and Nisqually, and thence visited the other settlements: they even penetrated as far as Whitby. Nothing short of the most arduous toil and constant vigilance on the part of the Catholic clergymen, could have withdrawn so many individuals from the danger of spiritual seduction. Our two missionaries were indefatigable in their exertions, almost always journeying from one post to another, to begin or to consolidate the good work they had in view.

The present state of the Roman Catholic religion in this region is as follows:—

There are eighteen chapels, viz. five in the Willamette Valley: St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Mary's at the Convent of the Sisters, St. Francis Xavier's Chapel, the new church in the Prairie, St. John's Church in Oregon City; one at Vancouver; one at Cowlitz; one at Whitby; four in New Caledonia, to wit, at Stuart's Lake, at Port Alexandria, at the Rapids, and at the Upper Lake; St. Mary's Church among the Flatheads; the Church of the Sacred Heart, among the Pointed-Hearts; the Church of St. Ignatius among the Pend-d'oreilles of the Bay; the Chapel of St. Paul among the Kettle-Fall tribe near Colville. The following are stations of 1847, where chapels are to be erected, to wit, St. Francis Borgia among the Upper Kalispels; St. Francis Regis in Colville Valley; St. Peter's at the great Lakes of the Columbia; the Assumption among the Flatbow Indians; the Holy Heart of Mary, among the Koetenais. The institutions that have been commenced in Oregon consist, first, of a school of St. Mary's, among the Flatheads; secondly, of a college at St. Paul's, Willamette; and thirdly, of an academy for girls at the same place, under the charge of six sisters of Notre Dame. Other establishments are soon to be commenced. The total number of Indians in the territory is about 110,000, of whom upwards of 6,000 have been converted to the true faith. The number of Catholics among the Canadians and settlers amounts to about 1,500.

The accounts Father SMETS gives of the individual conversions of these savages to the "mother church" are always interesting, and sometimes most amusing, from the unconscious betrayal of his own pious simplicity of feeling. We are tempted to quote several anecdotes, but we must now turn to his descriptions of the country, which will have an interest to our general readers that the former matters might not possess:—

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF OREGON.

The immense valleys in Oregon territory, covered

with extensive and fertile prairies, follow the course of the mountains from north to south, and are crossed in all directions by rivulets bordered with trees. They easily yield to the plough, and though the first crop is not very abundant, the second is generally sufficient to repay the labour of the tillage. The soil is for the most part fertile, particularly in the south. Every kind of grain is successfully cultivated near Cowlitz, Vancouver, in the Willamette Valley, and further south. The same may be said of the neighbourhood of Fort Walla Walla, Colville; the mission of St. Mary's, the mission of the Sacred Heart, of St. Ignatius, and St. Francis Borgia, among the Pend-d'oreilles; of St. Francis Regis, in the valley of Colville; of the Assumption, and the Holy Heart of Mary, among the Skalsi. Other districts that are not tillable afford an excellent pasture for cattle. As to the climate of Oregon, it is not so severe as might be supposed from its elevated latitude. The snow never falls to a greater depth than three or four inches in the lower portions of the territory, and seldom remains long on the ground. When the snows, after having accumulated on the mountains and their vicinity in consequence of extreme cold, begin to melt, and the heavy rains supervene, the plains around are covered with water, and sometimes considerable damage is caused by the inundation. The rains commence in October and continue until March with little interruption.

The following passage will give some idea of Father DE SMETS's animation, and facility of descriptive powers:—

THE FORESTS OF OREGON.

It is more especially in the forest that the grand, the picturesque, the sublime, the beautiful, form the most singular and fantastic combinations. From the loftiest giants the forest down to the humblest shrubs, all excite the spectator's astonishment. The parasites form a characteristic feature of these woodlands. They cling to the tree, climb it to a certain height, and then, letting their tops fall to the earth, again take root, again shoot up—push from branch to branch—from tree to tree in every direction—until tangled, twisted, and knotted in every possible form, they festoon the whole forest with drapery in which a ground-work of the richest verdure is diversified with garlands of the most varied and many-coloured flowers. In ascending the Columbia we meet, from time to time, with bays of considerable extent, interspersed with handsome little islands, which, thrown, as it were, like groups of flowers and verdure, present a charming spectacle. Here the painter should go to study his art; here would he find the loveliest scenery—the most varied and brilliant colouring. At every step the scene becomes more ravishing, the perspective more noble and majestic. In no other part of the world is nature so great a coquette as here.

The culinary productions of the regions watered by Columbia river, and its tributaries, are thus described:—

These lakes and morasses, formed in the spring, are filled with fish; they remain there enclosed as in natural reservoirs, for the use of the inhabitants. The fish swarm in such abundance that the Indians have no other labour than to take them from the water and prepare them for the boiler. Such an existence is, however, precarious; the savages, who are not of a provident nature, are obliged to go afterwards in quest of roots, grain, berries, and fruits; such as the thorny bush which bears a sweet, pleasant blackberry; the rose-buds, mountain cherry, cormier or service berry, various sorts of gooseberries and currants of excellent flavour; raspberries, the hawthorn berry, the wappato (*Sagittaria folia*), a very nourishing bulbous root; the bitter root, whose appellation sufficiently denotes its peculiar quality, is, however, very healthy; it grows in light, dry, sandy soil, as also the calous or biscuit root. The former is of a thin and cylindrical form; the latter, though farinaceous and insipid, is a substitute for bread; it resembles a small white radish; the watery potato, oval and greenish, is prepared like our ordinary potato, but greatly inferior to it; the small onion; the sweet onion, which bears a lovely flower resembling the tulip. Strawberries are common and delicious. To this catalogue I could add a number of detestable fruits and roots which serve as a nutriment for the Indians, but at which a civilised stomach would revolt and nauseate. I cannot pass over in silence the camash root, and the peculiar manner in which it is prepared. It is abundant, and I may say, is the queen root of this clime. It is a small, white, rapid onion, when removed from the earth, but becomes black and sweet when prepared for food.

The women arm themselves with long, crooked sticks, to go in search of the camash. After having procured a certain quantity of these roots, by dint of long and painful labour, they make an excavation in the earth from twelve to fifteen inches deep, and of proportional diameter, to contain the roots. They cover the bottom with closely-cemented pavement, which they make red-hot by means of a fire. After having carefully withdrawn all the coals, they cover the stones with grass or wet hay, then place a layer of camash, another of wet hay, a third of bark overlaid with mould, whereon is kept a glowing fire for fifty, sixty, and sometimes seventy hours. The camash thus acquires a consistency equal to that of the jujube. It is sometimes made into loaves of various dimensions. It is excellent, especially when boiled with meat; if kept dry, it can be preserved a long time.

We conclude our extracts with the following description of

SCENERY AT THE SOURCE OF COLUMBIA RIVER.

Head of the Columbia, September 9th, 1845.

The 4th September, towards noon, I found myself at the source of the Columbia. I contemplated with admiration those rugged and gigantic mountains where the Great River escapes—majestic, but impetuous even at its source; and in its vagrant course it is undoubtedly the most dangerous river on the western side of the American hemisphere. Two small lakes from four to six miles in length, formed by a number of springs and streams, are the reservoirs of its first waters. I pitched my tent on the banks of the first fork that brings in its feeble tribute, and which we behold rushing with impetuosity over the inaccessible rocks that present themselves on the right. What sublime rocks! How varied in shape and figure! The fantastic in every form, the attractive, the ludicrous, and the sublime, present themselves simultaneously to the view; and by borrowing ever so little the aid of the imagination, we behold rising before our astonished eyes castles of by-gone chivalry, with their many-embattled towers—fortresses, surrounded by their walls and bulwarks—palaces with their domes, and, in fine, cathedrals with their lofty spires.

On arriving at the two lakes, I saw them covered with swarms of aquatic birds—coots, ducks, water-fowl, cormorants, bustards, cranes, and swans; whilst beneath the tranquil water lay shoals of salmon in a state of exhaustion. At the entrance of the second lake, in a rather shallow and narrow place, I saw them pass in great numbers, cut and mutilated, after their long watery pilgrimage among the rapids, cataracts, valleys, and falls; they continue this uninterrupted procession during weeks and months. Perhaps I shall scarcely be believed when I affirm that the salmon fish are quarrelsome. I witnessed, with surprise, the sharp and vengeful bites they mutually inflicted. These two lakes form an immense tomb, for they there die in such numbers as frequently to infect the whole surrounding atmosphere. In the absence of man, the grey and black bear, the wolf, the eagle, and vulture assemble in crowds, at this season of the year. They fish their prey on the banks of the river, and at the entrance of the lakes, claws, teeth, and bills serving them instead of hooks and darts. From thence, when the snow begins to fall, the bears, plump and fat, resume the road back to their dens, in the thick of the forests, and hollows of rocks, there to pass the four sad wintry months in complete indolence, with no other pastime or occupation than that of sucking their four paws. If we may credit the Indians, each paw occupies the bear for one moon (a month), and the task accomplished, he turns on the other side, and begins to suck the second, and so on with the rest. I will here mention, *en passant*, all the hunters and Indians remark, that it is a very uncommon incident for a female bear to be killed when with young, and, notwithstanding, they are killed in all seasons of the year. Where they go—what becomes of them during the period they carry their young—is a problem yet to be solved by our mountain-hunters.

When emigration, accompanied by industry, the arts and sciences, shall have penetrated into the numberless valleys of the Rocky Mountains, the source of the Columbia will prove a very important point. The climate is delightful; the extremes of heat and cold are seldom known. The snow disappears as fast as it falls; the laborious hand that would till these valleys would be repaid a hundred-fold. Innumerable herds could graze throughout the year in these meadows, where the sources and streams nurture a perpetual freshness and abundance. The hillocks and declivities of the mountains are generally studded with inexhaustible forests, in which

the larch tree, pine of different species, cedar, and cypress abound.

In the plain between the two lakes are beautiful springs, whose waters have reunited and formed a massive rock of soft sandy stone, which has the appearance of an immense congealed or petrified cascade. Their waters are soft and pellucid, and of the same temperature as the milk just drawn from the cow. The description given by Chandler of the famous fountain of Pambouk Kalesi, on the ancient Hieropolis of Asia Minor, in the valley of Meander, and of which Malte Brun makes mention, might be literally applied to the warm springs at the source of the Columbia. The prospect unfolded to our view was so wonderful, that an attempt to give even a faint idea of it would savour of romance, without going beyond the limits of fact. We contemplated with an admiring gaze this vast slope, which from a distance had the appearance of chalk, and when nearer, extends like an immense concreted cascade, its undulating surface resembling a body of water suddenly checked or indurated in its rapid course. The first lake of the Columbia is two miles and a half distant from the river des Arcs-à-plats, and receives a portion of its waters during the great spring freshet. They are separated by a bottom land. The advantages Nature seems to have bestowed on the source of the Columbia will render its geographical position very important at some future day. The magic hand of civilised man would transform it into a terrestrial paradise.

We will yet add one more quotation, every way characteristic:—

The Canadian! Into what part of the desert has he not penetrated? The monarch who rules at the source of the Columbia is an honest emigrant from St. Martin, in the district of Montreal, who has resided for twenty-six years in this desert. The skins of the rein and moose deer are the materials of which his portable palace is composed; and to use his own expression, he *embarks on horseback with his wife and seven children, and lands wherever he pleases*. Here, no one disputes his right, and Polk and Peel, who are now contending for the possession of his dominions, are as unknown to our carbiner as the two greatest powers of the moon. His *sceptre* is a beaver-trap, his *law* a carbine—the one on his back, the other on his arm, he reviews his numerous furry subjects—the beaver, otter, muskrat, marten, fox, bear, wolf, sheep, and white goat of the mountains, the black-tailed roebuck, as well as its red-tailed relative the stag, the rein and moose deer; some of which *respect his sceptre*—others *submit to his law*. He exacts and receives from them the tribute of *flesh and skin*. Encircled by so much grandeur, undisturbed proprietor of all the sky-ward palaces, the strongholds, the very last refuge which Nature has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth—solitary lord of these majestic mountains, that elevate their icy summits even to the clouds, Morigeau (our Canadian) does not forget his duty as a Christian. Each day, morning, and evening, he may be seen devoutly reciting his prayers, amidst his little family. Many years had Morigeau ardently desired to see a priest; and when he learned I was about to visit the source of the Columbia, he repaired thither in all haste to procure for his wife and children the signal grace of baptism. The feast of the Nativity of the blessed Virgin, this favour was conferred on them, and also on the children of three Indian families, who accompany him in his migrations. This was a solemn day for the desert! The august sacrifice of mass was offered; Morigeau devoutly approached the holy table; at the foot of the humble altar he received the nuptial benediction; and the mother, surrounded by her children and six little Indians, was regenerated in the holy waters of baptism. In memory of so many benefits, a large cross was erected in the plain, which, from that time, is called the *Plain of the Nativity*.

The work, which is illustrated with several lively lithographs, is dedicated to Bishop HUGHES by the author, and introduced with an appreciative preface from the pen of the Rev. Dr. PISE.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

We observe that Mr. Eldred's art-manufactures have received the especial approbation of her Majesty, who has detained some of the specimens laid before her. She warmly eulogised the likeness of Jenny Lind.—On Thursday afternoon the prizes in the competition amongst the students of the

School of Design of the Honourable Board of Manufactures for Scotland were awarded to the successful competitors, in the various classes under the direction of Mr. Christie, by the Right Hon. the Lord Advocate, M.P. The Lord Advocate said, there was a larger number of students and greater proficiency in every department of the school than heretofore. Some of the efforts which had been successful on former occasions in taking prizes, had been equalled by those which on the present had not been successful. Formerly we had been obliged to go abroad for designs for our fabrics—to Japan, to Dresden, and other places; but now he expected soon to see so much progress made in the art of design that, as we possessed the superiority in the fabric of our woollens and cottons, so we should possess the superiority in design also.—The New Exhibition at the British Institution will open on Monday next, and is said to contain some good works, but not to exceed in interest the ordinary level of its exhibitions for the last five years. Stanfield exhibits a Mill—evening; Lee, one or two landscapes in his usual manner; Uwins, a Minstrel Lady and Duenna; Danby, a Calm, with ground swell; Creswick, a Park Scene; T. S. Cooper, a Cattle piece; Frederick Goodall, a Gipsy Tent (said to be excellent), and a small picture of Muleteers; E. A. Goodall exhibits an Exterior and an Interior of a Church; Holland, two circular views of Venice; E. W. Cooke, a Dutch Vessel on the Sand-shoal; Linnell, a large landscape; Bright, another landscape; Lance, some beautiful fruit pieces; Lauder, a Lady arming a Knight; Fraser, an Old Man and Woman Reading; Thomas Danby, a lake scene; Inskipp, two female fancy portraits; Pyne, a landscape; Robert Brandard, a picture in Mr. F. Goodall's manner; Sir George Hayter, a Parliament House picture, full of portraits, and a scriptural subject; Aster Corbould, a small picture; Herring, Three White Horses' Heads; Ansdell, Horse and Dead Deer; and another picture of a Lame Hound.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.—Professor ANSTET delivered his first lecture here on Monday last, the subject being "The Atmosphere," in which he gave a clear and interesting review of the importance of the aerial medium in the transmission of light, sound, and odours. The combination and electric formation of vapours in the air forming the three classes of clouds called the cirrus, the cumulus, or wind-cloud, and the nimbus, or rain-cloud. The lecturer, who concluded with an extract from the poet SHELLEY, was much applauded by a very numerous audience of artists. He will continue the subject on Tuesday next.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.—This exhibition opens on Monday next. We learn from information gained on the varding day (Wednesday last) that the collection is one of fair average merit—subjects of poetry and history being, however, few and far between. Amongst the exhibitors of note, STANFIELD has one—not one of his best; UWINS one; DANBY several; Sir GEO. HAYTER one, of greater size than merit; ANSDALL two, of considerable pretensions; COOKE several in, we rejoice to see, his old style; MESSRS. HERRING, STANFIELD, JUN., PYNE, JUTSUM, BRIGHT, O'NEIL, HOLLAND, WILSON, JUN. are also contributors.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

BOTH the Italian and her Majesty's Operas have announced the list of accessions to their companies for the coming season. Mdle. Albani and Mdle. Crevelli are regarded as the "stars" of the period, to be shaded only by Mdle. Lind.—The *Iphigenia* of Gluck is for the present laid aside at Drury-lane; where all parties are on the alert for the immediate production of Auber's newest opera. On musical grounds, the former measure may possibly be inevitable; on financial ones, the novelty may in every respect be advisable.—M. Jullien has returned to London, after one

of the most brilliant and lucrative provincial tours that ever marked his career.—A second Italian Opera is set on foot in Paris, in opposition to M. Vatel. The theatre is already selected.—The first of Mr. Dando's quartet concerts for the season was given on Tuesday, at Crosby Hall. A good programme was provided. The first part contained quartets by Haydn and Mozart; the former (No. 61, in F) is one of the most fanciful and least profound of the master; the latter (in D, No. 10) is one of the capital works of its great author, the first *allegro* alone being enough to place Mozart at the head of all composers for the chamber. Both were played in excellent style by Mr. Dando and his faithful adherents, Messrs. Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. The second part began with Sterndale Bennett's fine *scetel* in F, sharp minor, which had the advantage of the composer's assistance at the pianoforte: the four gentlemen already mentioned, and Mr. C. Severn at the double bass, made up the quantum of executants. The beauties of this original and ingenious composition were cleverly developed, and keenly relished. Mendelssohn's early quartet in E flat—a fresh and beautiful work, a prophecy of the wonderful creations that succeeded it—concluded the second part, but was played less carefully than any of the other pieces, and thereby lost much of its effect. The vocal music was confined to a couple of songs, by Keller and Hatton, sung by Mr. Kench, who has a pleasing barytone voice, and accompanied by Mr. W. C. Macfarren; neither of these songs was worthy a place in Mr. Dando's otherwise unassailable programme.

The Ecclesiastical Choir Book; a Selection of Motets, Hymns, and Masses from the Great Masters of the 16th Century, to which is added an Organ Accompaniment. London: Burns.

THE title-page of this volume is its best recommendation. It will minister to the growing desire for the revival of ecclesiastical music. Its circulation will improve the taste for those grand compositions of the old masters, so full of genius, and breathing the spirit of devotion as it could only be expressed by those who feel it. The editor of this most acceptable volume has taken largely from the works of PALESTRINA, perhaps the most truly religious in their tone of any that are to be found in the whole range of music, and from which many of the best of our English church composers borrowed their inspiration. The other masters whose works are selected for this volume are ANERIO, VITTORIA, NANINO, DI LASSO, MORALES, and GRACHES DE WAERT. To church choirs this will be a valuable and acceptable publication. Beautiful as are the compositions, they are not difficult to be sung. The harmonies are for the most part extremely simple; nothing more is needed than an attention to time and tune. No great knowledge of music is necessary to master them; they scarcely need voice, they never require exertion, their grandest harmonies are little more than language *breathed* instead of *spoken*. It is observed in the preface that they require to be sung somewhat faster than is the fashion with us in the case of sacred music. The drawl which we are wont to hear in our churches, and which was handed down from the Puritans, was not the teaching of the great masters of sacred music, and ought to be discouraged. Nothing will more tend to cultivate and improve the taste than the circulation of such volumes as this, for which the lovers of church music are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. BURNS.

Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Piano-forte, followed by fifty Preludes and Favourite Airs, Forty-four Exercises, and Twelve Chants. Fingered by CHARLES CZERNY. Tenth edition. London: Cocks and Co.

THERE can be no hesitation in the choice of a Guide to the Piano-forte. HAMILTON's has so decided a superiority over every rival, that it has passed rapidly through ten editions, each one offering some improvement. Its recommendation lies in the judicious progression of its teachings. Beginning with the very rudiments of musical notation, it advances through their various stages to

the first touch of the instrument, from whose individual notes it proceeds, by easy steps, to finger exercises, exercises on double notes in different positions, and finally through a series of airs, at first very simple, and gently and almost imperceptibly growing more and more difficult, until the pupil is capable of plunging into the miscellaneous music of the portfolio, and is, in fact, out of leading-strings. We can confidently recommend this work to all parents and teachers, to whom it will prove an invaluable assistant.

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover? Music by FRANK DE FONBLANQUE, Esq. Poetry by Sir JOHN SUCKLING. London: Addison and Hodgson.

IT was with the good taste that might have been expected from his patronymic, that Mr. FONBLANQUE selected for the exercise of his genius for musical composition the truly poetical rhymes of Sir JOHN SUCKLING, instead of wasting his labour upon some uninspiring *original* stanzas of some wretched versifier, as is the fashion with most of our modern composers of drawing-room songs. Surely such a lyric as the following is a fitter vehicle for music than the namby-pamby or nonsense, that offends the eye wherever one turns.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover—
Pri'thee, why so pale?
Will,—when looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Why so lone and mute, young sinner—
Pri'thee, why so mute?
Will,—if speaking well won't win her,
Saying nothing do't?

Quit, for shame, this will not move—
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.

Now this is just what a song ought to be—a single sentiment—a fancy—breathed in verse. Mr. FONBLANQUE has understood this, and catching the spirit of the poet, he has sought successfully to adapt his music to the quaint style of the author. The result is an accordance between sound and sense, which makes the charm of vocal music, and recommends it to all who can sing with taste and feeling. With *effect* thus given to it by the performer, it will be a favourite wherever it is heard.

My Mountain Lay. Tyrolienne. Composed by EDWARD F. REMBAULT. London: Duff and Hodgson.

A PRETTY imitation of the Tyrolese melodies, by the author of *Happy Land*. It is sure to please wherever heard, and may safely be bought by those in search after new music.

Hymn of Pope Pius IX. By ROSSINI. London: Duff and Hodgson.

HAD not the name of ROSSINI been appended to this composition, we should not have discovered in it the hand of a great master. It has a solemn tone, but it wants a distinct air.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

MADAME WARTON'S WALHALLA. LEICESTER-SQUARE.—INCREASED SUCCESS of LADY GODIVA, from E. Landseer's forthcoming Picture. This splendid production is hailed each Afternoon and Evening with acclamations of delight by fashionable audiences. Madame Warton will appear every morning, at three o'clock, and every evening, at half-past eight, in her original and inimitable personations of Venus, Sappho, Innocence, Lady Godiva, and in the New Tableau of the Fight for the Standard, the Lily and the Rose, the Death of Lucretia, &c. &c. White Marble Statues on Wednesday morning. To-morrow, Monday, a Splendid Series of Moving Tableaux, for that morning and evening only; for the benefit of Mr. Adams, Treasurer. Stalls, 3s. Reserved Seats, 2s. Promenade, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—MOLIERE's play of *Tartuffe* was produced at this house on Friday last for the first time this season, evidently for the purpose of enabling M. BOCAGE to display his clever delineation of character as the *faux dévot*. His assumption of the manner of a quiet oily hypocrite is perfection, and in his scenes with *Elmire* his gradual change from the demure ecclesiastic to the

libidinous one, raging with amatory passion, is very fine; and when at last the mask is torn off him by *Elmire*, who shews to her husband *Orgon* that his great friend, instead of being a holy man, is a most consummate rascal, his look of rage, disdain, and foiled passion is most masterly. Of the rest of the actors we cannot say much in their favour, with the exception of CARTIGNY, who acted *Orgon*, and we had no sooner seen and heard him than we felt at once as if we were transported to *La belle France*, and were witnessing one of the very common angry, wordy scenes, full of gesticulation, which our gay neighbours so often indulge in. *Une Fille Terrible*, which followed *Tartuffe*, after an exceedingly long interval which seemed to tire every one, is a light amusing *caudeville*, in which TOURILLON well displays his comic powers, and the rather attractive little *Logier* her saltatory and romping ones, in jumping over skipping-ropes and tormenting TOURILLON.

THE WALHALLA.—Unusual attractions are to be furnished on Monday next, the occasion of Mr. Adams' benefit. A moving tableau, to outvie the ordinary grandeur and accuracy of Madame Wharton's superior exhibition, is promised.

NECROLOGY.

MR. T. WELSH.

THIS admirable musician and excellent teacher died at Brighton on Monday last, aged sixty-eight. Among the vocalists brought out by Tom Welsh (as he was familiarly called) were Miss Stephens (now the Countess Dowager of Essex), Mr. Sinclair, Mr. C. Horn, Miss Merry (now Mrs. Hunt, the instructress of Miss Lucombe), Miss Shirreff, and Miss Wilson, whom he took to Italy for improvement, but on their return home, during stormy weather, she broke a blood-vessel, which prevented her ever afterwards from singing; but she became Mrs. Welsh, and has been left to lament her husband's death.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGE.

MITCHELL, Rev. Walter, M.A. of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, to Emma Sophia, youngest daughter of F. J. Kelsey, esq. of West Lavington House, Wilts, on the 2nd inst. at the Cathedral, Salisbury, by the Rev. John Williams, M.A.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

THE Company has been proceeding vigorously since our last notice of its doings. It has completed the purchase of the land for its station at Stanley Bridge, and its works would have been begun ere this, but that it was deemed desirable to negotiate with the new Commission of Sewers, so that the plan for conveying the sewage of the West of London to the station may be settled with the approval of the Commissioners, and for the attainment in the most effective manner of the common object. The most friendly spirit prevails towards the Company, and it is hoped that by arrangements between them and the Commissioners, the operations of the Company will be greatly facilitated, and their expenses lessened, so to make a large and uncalculated addition to their profits. Many new shares have also been subscribed.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The following description of the Central Electric Telegraph-office is slightly abridged from the *Athenæum*—

The offices are situated at the extremity of a court leading out of the north side of Lothbury, opposite the Bank of England. The facade has some architectural pretensions; and immediately over the entrance is an ornamented clock, illuminated at night, and moved by electricity. Entering, we pass into a large and lofty hall, with galleries running round, supported by pillars. Here the first object that arrests attention is a map of England, of colossal dimensions, placed on the wall opposite the entrance, and covered by a net-work of red lines, shewing the telegraphic communication at present existing between the metropolis and different towns in the kingdom. Under the galleries at each end of the

hall are two long counters, over which are the names of the various places to which messages can be sent. Behind the counter are stationed clerks whose business it is to receive the message,—enter it in a form which will be presently described,—and pass it to another set of clerks, who transmit it by machinery to the galleries above. Adjoining these are a series of rooms containing the electro-magnetic telegraphs of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke. They are placed on desks—and before them are seated the clerks whose province it is to work the apparatus. Each apartment is provided with an electrical clock, shewing true London railway time—which, as our readers know, is observed throughout the departments.

The wires are brought into the underground portion of the building by means of nine tubes,—each tube containing nine wires. They are subdivided as follows:—27 come from the North-Western Railway, 9 from the Eastern Counties, 9 from the South-Eastern, 9 from the South-Western, 9 from the Strand Branch-office and Windsor, 9 from the Admiralty, and 9 are spare to meet casualties. The Admiralty have now an uninterrupted communication between their offices in Whitehall and the dockyards at Portsmouth, for which accommodation they pay 1,200*l.* a-year to the company. On a level with the rooms in which the wires are received are several long and narrow chambers devoted to the batteries. Of these there are 108—each battery consisting of 24 plates. Sand moistened with sulphuric acid and water is used as the exciting medium. The batteries thus charged are found to remain above a month in good working order. They are so numbered and arranged in reference to the wires that any defect can be immediately rectified. Each railway has a division to itself,—and thus all risk of confusion is avoided.

We shall probably convey a better idea of the process of transmitting messages and obtaining replies by describing the course which would be pursued in the case of an individual desiring to send a message to, and receive an answer from, Liverpool.—Proceeding to the counter above which Liverpool is inscribed, the message is written on a printed form, which is sent up by machinery to the apartment containing the Liverpool telegraph, and the clerks in charge of this immediately set the needles to work. As the words of the answer are read off, a clerk writes them on a similar form, which is then sent below to the party waiting for the answer. The time occupied in the transmission of a message varies, of course, according to the number of words to be telegraphed.

We were fortunate in being present when two important messages were sent to the office for transmission. One was from Colonel Mahery, of the Post-office, desiring the agent at Liverpool to state whether the American mail had been detained—and if so, how long? This was answered in seven minutes. The other was from an emigrant mercantile house, anxious to know the description of goods in a vessel just arrived at Southampton. It was answered in eleven minutes.

To render the electric telegraph thoroughly useful, uninterrupted attendance is given throughout the night as well as day—and it is not unfrequently made use of when the mass of the population are deep in slumber. It was but a few nights ago that a message was sent from Manchester to this effect:—“A woman named —, dressed —, has left Manchester for London by the night mail-train, having eloped with a man named —, dressed —, and they have with them certain chests [described], which are stolen.—Stop them at the Euston-square station.” Long before the unsuspecting couple had accomplished one-half of their journey, the message announcing their criminal flight was in London, and a policeman was waiting at the Euston-square terminus to apprehend them.

As a means of recovering lost and stolen property and arresting thieves, the electric telegraph will be invaluable. Parents of marriageable children, too, may sleep in tranquility—for Greta-green marriages will be hard to effect when the electric telegraph becomes general.

We were surprised, on making inquiry, to find that the charges are much more moderate than we were led to expect from statements in the public prints—which set forth that the transmission of a message costs 5*l.* How exaggerated this is will be seen by the following charges, taken from the books of the company:—For a message not exceeding twenty words—To Berwick, 12*s.*; Birmingham, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Bristol, 13*s.*; Edinburgh, 13*s.*; Gosport, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Liverpool, 8*s.* 6*d.*; Manchester, 8*s.* 6*d.*; Glasgow, 14*s.*; Southampton, 5*s.* 6*d.*; Yarmouth, 7*s.* When it is borne in mind that the company have laid down 2,500 miles of wire, and have upwards of 1,000 men in their employ, it cannot be said that the above scale of charges is exorbitant. There are at present 57

clerks employed in the department of transmitting and receiving messages—independently of those occupied in printing communications for the newspapers. This department is exceedingly interesting. It is carried on in a long room, communicating with the west gallery. The appearance of the words as printed will be best understood by the annexed fac-simile—it being only necessary to say that the lines form the letters:—

The alphabet used is as follows:—A — B — C — D — E — and so on; and finally being always represented by a long dash —. Hieroglyphical as all this may appear, the characters are read with the greatest ease by the parties concerned in the operation. It is carried on with wonderful celerity—1,000 letters being printed each minute at stations 200 or more miles apart.

We shall attempt to describe the process—but strongly recommend our readers to see it in action. A slip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad is punched with holes at distances corresponding to the dash lines shown above—these holes being the letters. Two cylinders—one, for example, in London, the other at Manchester—are connected in the usual manner by electricity. Supposing it to be desired by a party in London to print a message at Manchester, the slip of paper is placed over the cylinder in London, and pressed upon it by means of a spring which plays in the middle. Thus, when those portions of the paper which present no holes appear, the contact is broken; where the holes are presented, contact is made;—and accordingly, the current of electricity will be conveyed or broken to the cylinder at Manchester precisely in the same ratio as it is received from the cylinder in London. Over the cylinder in Manchester is wound a sheet of paper dipped in a solution of prussiate of potash and sulphuric acid: which enables it to receive, and record by dark green lines, the strokes of electricity given out by making and breaking contact with the cylinder at London. There are various mechanical arrangements connected with the process,—which is the invention of Mr. Bain.

It is intended to devote a portion of the building to the use of annual subscribers, who will be accommodated with a room furnished with newspapers and telegraphic despatches of the prices of railway shares, markets, &c. The subscribers will also have the exclusive use of a code of private signals, which will enable them to communicate with their correspondents by a species of short-hand known only to themselves.

This will, indeed, realise the chimerical correspondence mentioned by Strada in one of his prolusions, quoted by us months ago—and which so many correspondents of newspapers are ingeniously re-discovering from time to time; in which he says, alluding to needles touched by loadstones:—“By this means the friends talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities, mountains, seas, or deserts.”

ROYAL SOCIETY. — CHLOROFORM.—On Friday night, the 28th ultimo, Professor Brande delivered a lecture on the subject of the recently discovered anæsthetic agents, ether and chloroform, to a numerous audience of ladies and gentlemen, in the theatre of the institution, Albemarle-street. Amongst those who were present we noticed Lord Campbell, Lord Newry, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The learned professor began by observing that ether was first noticed about the year 1540 by the pharmaceutical chemists, but it received its present name in a paper which appeared in the “Philosophical Transactions of the year 1730,” which was supposed to have been written by an assistant of Boyle’s. Its properties were investigated by Newton, and its discovery was ascribed to him. Berzelius and Liebig investigated the theory of its composition. Chloroform was noticed by Liebig, and its composition was investigated by him and Dumas. One atom of ether was composed of 4 atoms of carbon, 5 of hydrogen, and 1 of oxygen: 1 atom of chloroform was composed of 2 atoms of carbon, 1 of hydrogen, and 3 of chloride. They were both derivatives of alcohol. The specific gravity of ether was about 616 or 617; it boiled at a temperature of 96°; it was never frozen, but it produced a great degree of cold. Its weight, as compared with air, was 2½ to 1. The products of its combustion were carbon and water, when ignited by flame, but if burned without flame it produced a very pungent acid. Chloroform boiled at a lower temperature than ether; its vapour would burn if heated very highly, but if mixed with spirits of wine it burned very readily, and emitted smoke, and a strong muriatic acid. It was extremely dense and heavy. Such were the principal charac-

teristics of these two bodies. Now, with regard to their physiological effects:—If 50 per cent. of ether was mixed with air, it could be breathed; but the ether must be pure, because, if impure, it produced great irritation and coughing. On breathing a mixture of this kind a series of very curious phenomena arose, which were beautifully arranged by Dr. Snow into three or four classes. In the first stage an agreeable and exhilarating effect was produced, which did not render us insensible to pain or make us unconscious of what we were doing. In the second stage the mental functions and voluntary actions were irregularly performed: persons were unconscious where they were, but they generally did what they were requested to do, though sometimes in this stage they were obstinate and very intractable. This was the principal stage of dreams, when they passed rapidly and vividly through the mind. A person would not be insensible to pain in this stage, though in passing to the first stage he would not probably remember what he suffered. Persons could not be operated upon in this stage in consequence of the involuntary struggling with which it was attended. In the third stage the mental functions, and consequently voluntary motion, became torpid; but muscular motion might take place as the result of external impressions. Respiration went on regularly. If a person was spoken to or roused he might be made sensible of what was going on, but generally he lay still, and if sitting on a chair he had a tendency to fall off. The limbs were sometimes contracted in this stage. Persons may moan while in it, but they never uttered articulate sounds. In the fourth stage there was no movement except that of respiration; the muscles were relaxed; the eyelids drooped, the pulse was quick, the breathing was stertorous, the countenance placid, and possibly persons were insensible to every degree of pain. They never snored till in this stage, and they were entirely insensible to what was going on. If the process of inhalation was discontinued, the person relapsed into the third stage in the course of three or four minutes, and so on from the third to the second and first. The fifth stage was only witnessed in the inferior animals, and was productive of death. Chloroform produced the same degree of narcotism as ether, and caused analogous effects. It entered into the blood, and with the blood passed to the brain, and there produced the effects he had described. He would not enter into the question whether a person might not feel pain in the fourth stage, although he might not afterwards remember it. That was an interesting question, but it belonged to metaphysics rather than to physics. Another very important question, which, however, did not come within his view, was, what were the advantages of the two agents—was one more safe or more dangerous than the other? He believed that all the evidence they had went to shew that chloroform was more dangerous—at the same time it was more manageable. It was more dangerous, because it was more powerful, and an overdose of it might be more easily given than of ether. In all other respects chloroform must be preferred. It was sweet, it produced its effects more rapidly, and caused very little suffering in administering it. The question of the respirability of these vapours was very important, and when combined with the singular and marvellous influence which they had on the vital energies, and the management which they possessed over them, it announced the approach, if not the arrival, of that long-wished-for era in physiology and surgery when so many of the pains that afflicted humanity might be removed. The effects of these agents should teach them also that no new discoveries in chemistry should be called useless because, trifling as they might seem, one of them might do for chloroform what chloroform did for ether. The learned professor concluded his lecture amidst applause. Towards the conclusion of it he subjected a guinea-pig to the influence of chloroform, and for the space of four or five minutes it lay apparently lifeless, and then shewed signs of returning life.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Eighth Annual Report of the Crichton Royal Institution for Lunatics.

WE have made a point, for three years past, of noticing the reports of this admirable institution, which have served to add so greatly to our knowledge of the proper treatment of insanity, and led the way in so many improvements with results so beneficial to the patients, and, consequently, to society. The report before us substantiates, by experience,

the truth of all the principles previously announced, and adds the fortunate results of new experiments. We present the salient points of this eighth report.

It appears that the approach of death often restores sanity, as in these cases of

DYING LUNATICS.

In three of the fatal cases there was observed that return to intelligence in the last hours of life which was formerly supposed to be invariable in insanity, and which is so ardently desired by friends and relatives. Either from the altered state of the circulation, the effect of suffering, the incompatibility of two morbid actions, or the counter-irritation produced by distant disease, the brain sometimes, as in these examples, partially recovers its normal functions, and the incoherent speak rationally and collectedly, the violent become calm, and the clouds are dispelled which have previously darkened the memory. In one of these patients, resignation and recollection replaced irritability and imbecility; in two others, the dispositions were softened and elevated, although the characteristic delusions remained. In two were observed that resistance to the influence of mental disease, and insensibility to pain, which have most erroneously been asserted to constitute diagnostic symptoms of insanity; but which prevail to as great an extent in phrenitis, fever, and intoxication. A lady seemed to be altogether unconscious of suffering, and continued to smile and sing while external circumstances indicated the pressure of excruciating agony; and a man walked about labouring under severe bronchopneumonia until within two days of his death, and until the disease was detected, not by his statements, for he conceived that he possessed the most robust health, but by the stethoscope.

In the narrative of cases a new classification has been adopted; they are described according to the impairment, exaltation, or perversion of the mind generally. We select some of the most interesting of these. Here is one.

INSANITY IN A DEAF MUTE.

The most extensive form of the affection has been where insanity, complicated with convulsions, and ultimately merging in complete fatuity, was super-added to deafness and dumbness. What added to the interest of the case was, that the predominating delusion of the patient was that he could speak, that the listener was deaf, and not he dumb. In proof of this conviction, which he conveyed in writing, he emitted sounds from the lips, evidently intended as articulate words. He was an educated deaf mute, had formerly acted as a clerk, and was conceived to be intelligent and trustworthy. At first he wrote a few sentences, conversed by manual signs, and evinced joy, and sorrow, and anger. Admitted to one of the exhibitions of the Deaf and Dumb School, which take place for the gratification of the inmates, he manifested great delight in the scene, approached the teacher, gazed steadily at him, and rushed into his arms. They had been fellow-students twenty years before. This meeting led to intercourse, which was productive of much benefit and enjoyment. These proofs of intelligence gradually disappeared; an attack of cerebral congestion obliterated every trace of reason, and, at the same moment, every connection, and every means of communion, with the external world. He could no longer write, the knowledge of signs was annihilated, and a cry of suffering alone indicated that his life was not purely vegetative: his mind was closed up, concealed, buried, in its own infirmities. Three very remarkable psychological phenomena were observed in his person: 1. That he wrote his delusion as to his capability of speaking in the same imperfect and incomplete manner that paralytics do. 2. That he spoke incoherently on his fingers. And 3. That he lost the knowledge of the digital alphabet gradually, recollecting a few of the signs, such as S and H, much longer than others, and repeating them incessantly in his vain endeavours to render himself understood.

Instances of this species of insanity were

chiefly found among those who had been educated with refinement, but with insufficient moral and mental training. As thus:—

In one lady there appears to be a total incompetency to conduct the ordinary affairs of life—to regulate a household, educate her children, or act in accordance with the plausible doctrines which she delights to inculcate: in another there is a signal absence of truthfulness—a pretension to sentiments of piety and purity, which she does not feel—a tendency to act a lie: in a third, with general feebleness and frivolity of character, there are very obscure notions of the rights of property, and a tendency to appropriate, and hoard, and conceal articles to which she has no claim, of which she can make no use, and which tend rather to incommode her personal comfort. A scholar, who can still exercise the power to acquire, has been deprived of the power to combine, and arrange, and employ his acquisitions; and he is engrossed, from day to day, in the study of architecture, Hebrew, drawing, history, algebra, and music, and in amassing innumerable isolated ideas, or scraps and shreds of knowledge, which, in his mind, obey rather the laws of the kaleidoscope than those of simple association and sound judgment. He has been shorn of habits as well as of mental capacity and coherence; and the expert rower, pugilist, and four-in-hand driver, has degenerated into the gentle visionary and recluse.

The second division of lunacy is termed "Derangement of Exaltation." It is an excessive development of some of the faculties, the disproportioned activity of some portion of the brain, and a consequent want of harmony among the mental powers. Four of these cases have been admitted during the year.

A modest, affectionate, and retiring man, of moderate talents, indolent habits, and whose mental combinations are of sluggish growth, loses every characteristic of his natural disposition during an accession of fury; and while he repudiates his friends, his modesty, and courtesy, he exhibits the most extraordinary powers of memory and association, repeating events which constitute the history of years, portions of books, transactions in business and conversations of a most complex and protracted nature, with a rapidity and fidelity which are rarely attained under more favourable circumstances. An uneducated boy, of affectionate disposition, excited by the ambition or triumphs of a village debating society, speaks contemptuously of his origin and lowly sphere, denounces vengeance against those who interfered with his vagaries, and pours forth uncouth rhymes and rhapsodies, which, however inharmonious, could not be produced by him while tranquil and sane. An old man, of humble pretensions and domestic habits, spoke for two weeks continuously, and in a strain of wild incoherent declamation, which, in a riot or a revolution might have constituted him an orator or a demagogue. A gentleman, of correct, unassuming demeanour, and strong affections, apparently forgets his family and friends, becomes impetuous, vain-glorious, vehement, and manifests scientific acquirements, and an intimacy with the structure and capabilities of the English language, which must have either lain dormant and unknown to the possessor during health, or are now created, and called forth, by excitement. He constructs barns on the plan of an exhausted receiver, which are hermetically closed, and capable of preserving grain for ages, and adduces historical evidence as to the practicability of the plan; he discovers a method of reforming the orthography and pronunciation of his native tongue; he devises a new system of numerals, and demonstrates and defends his projects with a dexterity which, although it may make the worse appear the better reason, evinces great mental power and grasp of comprehension. A person who has been educated amongst princes, and who cherishes a delusion which exalts him above all principalities and powers, appears to be utterly alien to the finer, and higher, and holier sympathies of human nature. He loathes his friends; he stands apart from his fellow-men; but his intellect rises untouched and untainted amid

this coldness and solitude of heart, and enables him to deal with the philosophies, and history, and languages of past ages, and with arts and elegant literature of the present, as if they were the great objects of his life, in place of being the solace of his confinement.

Here follows a remark which the judges who have taken upon themselves to define insanity in criminals would do well to consider.

CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE INSANE.

It may be here remarked that in the insane consciousness may be clear and exact; the patient may be perfectly cognisant of all that is said or done by himself, and of the tendencies and effects of what is said or done; and this knowledge may not only exist at the moment, but be retained by memory, and serve to regulate subsequent conduct, but fail altogether to influence the morbid manifestations; or, secondly, consciousness may be natural during a paroxysm or period of excitement, become obscured, imperfect, or obliterated on the subsidence of the agitation, but return when a relapse takes place, preserving the same vividness and exactitude which it originally possessed, reproducing, after a long interval passed in total ignorance or forgetfulness of these ideas, the most minute events which took place during the previous attack, the same modes of expression, and the same state of emotion, phenomena which have been supposed to countenance the theory of a duality of being; or, thirdly, consciousness may be at all times impaired; the patient does not observe, does not feel, attend to, obey, or retain the impressions conveyed to him, nor the processes of his own mind.

We shall return to this report for some further information.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

AMONGST the new announcements we notice are *Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand*, and a volume of poems entitled *Dreams of my Youth*. Both are stated to be promising works.—Mr. Todhunter, the senior wrangler at Cambridge, is the son of a dissenting minister, and is understood to be himself a dissenter.—Mr. R. D. Grainger, the lecturer on Physiology at St. Thomas's Hospital, has been appointed by the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons to deliver the annual oration, on the 14th of next month, in memory of the founder of the Hunterian Museum—that day being the anniversary of the birth of John Hunter.—In excavating for the new Coal Exchange, a tessellated pavement, of considerable area, was uncovered on Wednesday, about thirteen feet below the pavement, in Thames-street.—A monument to Newton has been erected by the Rev. Charles Turnor, in the park of Stoke Rochford, Lincolnshire—the residence of his nephew, Christopher Turnor, esq. Newton, when a child, went to a little day-school at Stoke.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alford's (H.) Poetical Works, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Henry's Second Latin Book, 4th edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.
Beren's (Rev. A.) Christian Stories, 6th edit. fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Boesen's (Dr. E. F.) Hand-Book of Roman Antiquities, translated from the German of Dr. Hoffa by R. B. Paul, edited by Rev. T. K. Arnold, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Boyd's (Percy, esq.) Book of Ballads, from the German, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. fancy bds.
Dell's (Wm.) Testimony from the Word, against Divinity Degrees in the University, 1655, reprinted, 12mo. 3d. awd.
Encyclopædia Metropolitana, "Natural History," 131 plates, 4to. 12s. 6d. cloth.
Fitz-Alwyn, the First Lord Mayor and Queen's Knight, by Miss E. M. Stewart, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Galfridi Le Baker de Swinbroke Chronicon Anglia Edward II. and III. edited by J. A. Giles, 8vo. 9s. cl.
Hattersley's (Jno.) First Course of Mathematics, comprising Arithmetic, Algebra, Statics, and Hydrostatics, as required for the ordinary Cambridge B. A. Degree, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Heiman's (Dr. A.) First German Reading Book for English Children, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Hiley's (R.) Practical English Composition, Part I. or Junior Series, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Incerti Scriptoria Narratio de Bello Sancto Gestis, edited by J. A. Giles, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Knight's Monthly Volume for All Readers, Vol. XXVII. "The Book of Table-Talk, by several Contributors," Vol. II. 18mo. 1s. awd. 1s. 6d. cl.

Levana; or, the Doctrine of Education, translated from the German of Jean Paul Fr. Richter, post 8vo. 16s. 6d. cl.
 Macaulay's (T. B.) *Lays of Ancient Rome*, new edit. square fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—M'Farlane's (C.) *Our Indian Empire*, new edit. 2 vols. square 16mo. 10s. cl.—Moberley's (Rev. Dr. G.) *Sermons*, preached at Winchester College, 2nd edit. fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Myrtle's (Mrs.) *Man of Snow*, coloured, square 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Practical (The) *Christian's Library*, Vol. XVII. "Steps to the Altar, a Manual of Devotions for the Blessed Eucharist, by W. E. Scudamore," 3rd edit. 18mo. 1s. cl.
 Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand; with Extracts from his Manuscripts, Speeches, and Political Writings. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Robinson's (J.) *Whole Art of Making British Wines*, fcap. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Ruft Festi Aleria Carminum Que Extant Omnia ex Recensione Wrensdorffii; Cura J. A. Giler. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
 Scriptores Rerum Gestarum Willelmi Conquestoris, edited by J. A. Giles, 8vo. 10s. cl.—Shakespeare's *Dramatic Works*, with Life, by Thos. Campbell, new edit. royal 8vo. 16s. cl.—Skilling's (T.) *Farmer's Ready Reckoner*, 2nd edit. royal 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Smith on the *Mercantile Law*, by G. M. Dowdswell, esq. 4th edit. 8vo. 11s. 12s. bds.—Supplement to Burn's *Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer*, from January 1845, to January 1848, by T. W. Saunders, esq. barrister-at-law, Part I. price 5s. 6d. wrapper.
 Toovey's (A. D.) *Biographical and Critical Notices of the British Poets of the Present Century*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Treasury: a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Trollope's (Rev. W.) *Excerpta Ex Ovidio*, with Notes, 3rd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Usher's (Archbp. of Armagh) *Whole Works*, with a Life of the Author, and an Account of his Writings, by C. R. Elrington, D.D. in 16 vols. Vol. I. "Life," 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Vernon's (B. J.) *Early Recollections of Jamaica at the commencement of the American War in 1812*, fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. gilt edges.—*Visitation Infirmorum*; or, *Offices for the Clergy in Praying with, Directing, and Comforting the Sick, Infirm, and Afflicted*, compiled by W. H. Cope, and Henry Stratton, M.A. 12mo. 16s. calf. 20s. morocco.
 Wood's (John) *System of Trousers Cutting*, 8vo. 5s. sewed.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Southey's *Life and Works of Cowper*, Vols. II. and III. small 8vo. Baldwin and Cradock, 1835, drab cloth; also, Cowper's *Translation of Homer*, constituting four volumes (xi. to xiv.) of the same work.
 Evangelical Magazine, for March and September, 1834.

SEABEECH BREEZES.—Much injury is done to the visitors at watering-places by the discharge of the town drainage upon the much-frequented sea-beach. Ladies, with books or with needlework, and nurses with their charges, are apt to resort to the propped-up and clean-looking round iron pipes for the convenience they offer as seats; and as they sit, they and the children who play about them inhale the poisonous gases which the soilage of the town emits, and many a family returns inland from the seaside fevered with the stench at the sea-beach rather than invigorated by the sea breezes. The illness of a gentleman's children on one occasion was thus caused.—*Builder*.

To Readers and Correspondents.

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 (Signed) RICHARD HAVELL.

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"DEAR SIR,—I consider the Fluid Magnesia to be a very valuable and convenient remedy in cases of irritation or acidity of the stomach, but more particularly during pregnancy, febrile complaints, infantile diseases, for sea-sickness." In addition to the above, Professor Duncan, of Edinburgh, in his extensive practice, established its efficacy for removing acidities, allaying irritation of the stomach or urinary organs, and for dissolving lithic concretions and uric salts, and consequently as the best remedy for Gravel and Gout.

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